THE CANDIDATE
FOR FAVOR
BY
HELEN HYAMS

THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/candidateforfavo00hyam

THE

CANDIDATE FOR FAVOUR:

A

MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION

OF

ORIGINAL

POETRY AND PROSE;

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO THE WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR OF LIVERPOOL,
ROBERTSON GLADSTONE, ESQ.

BY HELEN HYAMS.

LONDON:

WHITTAKER & CO., AVE MARIA LANE.

MANCHESTER: HAYWARD & CO., EXCHANGE-STREET.

1844.

PE
H1182

PREFACE.

I.

Apollo! nonsense! who'd invoke
Such an old-fashion'd prig as this?
Apollo!—a mere equivoke;
'Twould better serve to summon Dis.
Publisher, read for Apollo,
And Critics, for the golden lyre,
Whose tone is sharp in alt, and hollow,
Yet they alone can now inspire.

853842

II.

Next, I'll engage, you'll quote the Muse,
If not a call on sisters nine—
Their time's gone by; call on Reviews,
Or drop the Editor a line;
And, for the draught from Helicon,
Which, with such calls, should be convey'd,
Pray, novice, place such draft alone,
As may be well, and quickly paid.

III.

If ye can boast a well-known name,
There's nought to fear from "gentle craft,"
That helps to swell the note of fame
When by substantial reasons back'd;
But should the two essentials fail,
Forbear, I warn thee, luckless wight;
With one thou mightst perhaps prevail,
But without both—who can indite?

IV.

Presumptuous ! if thou canst not buy
Opinions by the pow'r of gold,
How darest thou attempt to try
A path that's sacred—to be sold.
Authors, reviewers, publishers,
Who have enclosed this seeming common,
Will tell thee that its grant refers
To wealth and pow'r in man or woman.

V.

Titles give license to indite,
And money soon can purchase license;
But how can a plebeian write,
If int'rest teach not how to buy sense?
And should the hapless wretch but have
More brains than money to disport,
He may make up his mind to starve—
Unless he have some friend at court.

VI.

And yet, methinks, 'tis hardly fair
To trust unto such means as these;
Humble my hopes, although I dare
To wish this little work may please.
Should it succeed, and leniently
Be judg'd by kind and gentle reader,
Such judgment will encourage me
Again to be a grateful pleader.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

PREFACE .. .. iii.

LINES ON THE CHRISTENING OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES 3

THE ROYAL FREEBOOTER CORPS 6

MOTHER DEAR 56

THE CHANGELING'S GRAVE 58

THE WIZARD'S CHILD 63

THE MAGDALEN 65

LINA: A STORY FOUNDED ON FACTS 73

THE AUCTION OF HEARTS 98

TO A FAVORITE FRIEND ON THE BIRTH OF AN INFANT 101

BOLIVAR'S BRIDAL AND CONSPIRACY 104

MIRIAM'S ADDRESS 113

NOTHING: AN HISTORICAL TALE 115

THUSNELDA 171

THE CHERUSKER CHIEF 173

THE ORDEAL BY WATER 181

THE SAVING FAITH: A TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN OF VOSS 186

A VILLAIN IS HE THAT BETRAYS IT 189

LOVE'S ENGAGEMENTS 240

THE LIVERPOOL THUNDERSTORM OF 1841 244

VIEW NEAR VENICE BY NIGHT 248

GRACE DARLING 251

LINES WRITTEN ON THE CONFLAGRATION IN HAMBURG 256

CUPID'S ENQUIRY 258

THE CANDIDATE FOR FAVOUR.

"Here's something got amongst us!"

KNIGHT OF MALTA.

LINES ON THE CHRISTENING OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

I.

Morn is breaking, chase your slumbers,
  Children of the Ocean Queen;
Songs prepare in joyous numbers,
  Suited to the festive scene;
For a nation's hope this day
  Dedicates to heavenly love,
And rejoicing millions pray
  Heaven that offering to approve.

II.

See, in regal state appearing,
England's Sovereign, and her pride,
Deck'd by virtues most endearing,
In a mother, and a bride.
Hail, Victoria! blest and blessing!
Long and happy be thy life;
Every subject's heart possessing,
Free thy land from party strife.

III.

Albert, of a glorious line,
Dearest son of Britain's love,
May each earthly bliss be thine,—
May each day more happy prove;
Consort of a nation's pride,
Father of a nation's hope;
Oh! may every good betide
All within thy wishes' scope.

IV.

Child of Promise,—England's heir,—
  Cambria's Prince,—Victoria's son,—
Royal babe, with prospects fair,
  And most bright to look upon,—
Christ receives thee; may His spirit
  Rest for ever more on thee:
Earthly crowns thou wilt inherit;
  Blest be thy eternity.

THE ROYAL FREEBOOTER CORPS.

"Den edlen Mann entwaffnet das Bekenntniss, ich bin in deiner Gewalt."

KOTZEBUE.

In revels gay, the fairy queen
Delights to show her pow'r,
And there, amidst the guests, unseen,
To glad the joyous hour;
Now here, now there, along she glides,
Rejoicing in their mirth;
Now in the maiden's chaplet hides,
And see, she sallies forth.

But not that eyes profane may see
Her fairy loveliness,
A fly, a gnat, a humming bee,
Shall form her chosen dress.
Now she will charm the minstrel's song,
And numbers sweet shall flow,
Then straight from out the poet throng
She'll choose a tale of woe.

Or ———

Aye! aye, Ida, thou wouldst talk of the fairies, their doings and sayings, to the end of the chapter, and Fritz look as if thou'dst bewitch'd him; but I tell thee, my pretty lass, there are no fairies like a clear head, a stout heart, (in love, of course,) and a firm hand: now ye shall judge of my fairies for yourselves, so draw closer, throw another log onto the burning pile, snuff the candles, and listen.

Our party, I must describe it, consisted of a fine military-looking man, rather beyond middle age; a female, who possessed the characteristics of a German matron, that is to say, not particularly tall, rather stout, a clear complexion, a good colour, blue eyes, acquiline nose, and

kindness, which softened down every feature into a most pleasing whole. Fritz was a tall, elegant, and most independent-looking fellow, in an undress uniform. Ida, the fairy lover, (Fritz would have been jealous even of the name,) a petted beauty, exacting in her supreme sovereignty; for, being left motherless at three years of age, she demanded, as her right, the most exclusive attention and indulgence. A clergyman, the father of Ida, whose benevolent smile assured the beholder of its possessor's readiness to smooth the way to heaven, and to aid, as much as possible, in surmounting its difficulties, was the fifth and last personage.

Frau von Neidgram and Ida were knitting. I ought to have brought in a student, for a German family picture is so very tame without; they being, in their own estimation, the very lords of the lords of the creation, besides running the risk of any of this privileged order deeming the party I have named, and for whom I have a little regard, a set of Philistines.

There was, however, no student among them; and instead of beer,—oh! ye sons of scientific lore, how will ye launch your thunders against the unacademic use of the mocha bean!—but I cannot shield them; there, speaking for itself, stands the coffee equipage, the transparent dark

brown liquid becoming lighter as it mixes with the rich and boiling cream, that already, properly sweetened, waited in the cups to receive it. And the cups themselves, not a set of them, but each his or her own, some present at Christmas, or the natal day, bearing appropriate form, device, or group. Ida's, for instance, was the car of Venus, the handle forming the doves, and on it the union of Psyche and Cupid. Fritz's cup was a helmet, the saucer a shield; the first exhibiting Bellona in her chariot of war; the other, Mars armed *cap-a-pie;* and so on, the rest.

Well then, began Herr von Neidgram, (the name I choose to give the veteran first mentioned,) I must first, and above all things, try to reconcile Ida to my interruption of her song. A story will soon do that, said Ida, laughing. Yes, but to prove I do my best, I'll quote the fairies: now mark my beginning.

"Once upon a time, there was a great king, and a poor scholar, as the fairy tales have it; I do not mean to say that they intend to throw any imputation on the king's scholarship, neither do I; for the king I speak of was a great scholar, as well as a great king; but these were two different personages; so we'll look to the scholar, and let the king rest awhile. There are sticklers for form who

would have it that the king ought to take the precedence, but I say them nay; never disturb great folks till they are absolutely wanted, and not even then, if you can possibly do without them. Karl, then, was the poor scholar, and Fritz! your mother knows him as well as myself; so she will correct me if I fail in describing him, eh! Mamma? Frau von Neidgram nodded a smiling assent, and he proceeded.

"Karl's father was a soldier, and, from his scanty pittance, resolved to educate his boy, so that he should in some measure escape the deficiencies that had been so great a drawback on his own advancement, so, placing him with a clergyman, who had but one child, a girl, and who, to vary the monotony of a most useful, but unvarying life, longed to re-read Homer and Virgil with a mind of his own training; the soldier paid the small sum he could command, which the good pastor only accepted, because he considered that he had no right to straiten the narrow means of subsistence destined for his child, when her only support and protector should be removed from his labours to his final place of rest: the parental duties further observed, were short visits to the boy, whom the father loved with all a soldier's enthusiasm, and left, fortunately in good hands, with a soldier's recklessness.

" Thus years rolled on, and the boy knew no other home ; but, when he was verging on manhood, his father sought the quiet village. It was two years since he had last been there; and he now, for the first time, requested permission for Karl to accompany him. The favour was easily and cheerfully granted; and Karl found that his father's home was still amongst the companions, whom danger had endeared, and association fraternized. His best passport was his parentage, and he soon became initiated in all a soldier's tactics.

" A favoured guest wherever he appeared, it seemed to him that glory and pleasure were the constituent parts of military life. A year passed thus, when Karl's more than father expressed a wish for his return.

" No definite arrangement had been made for his future plans, indeed, on this subject, he was utterly indifferent; accustomed to an ill-supplied purse, but without any inducement to expenditure, he had never known the want of money. As good a pedestrian as most of his countrymen, Karl buckled on his knapsack, took his trusty staff in hand, the ziegenhainer, that beloved companion, on which all the names of those he valued, together with his own, were cut, and sallied forth. Summer was still lingering with autumn, and the beautiful dawning of the promised morn

lent its freshness and fragrance. Every mile seemed to increase the distance between him and the home he loved, so quickly did his wishes travel, and so slowly the road seem to decrease. At length the hill he had so often climbed, the stream he had mused beside, the church where his childish prayers had been said, and his youthful devotions offered up, appeared in view, and the wanderer, tired, but not exhausted, quickened his pace. The peasants greeted him joyfully as he passed, and several left their cots to offer their 'welcome home' to Master Karl. One little urchin ran forward to announce him, and the good pastor, with wife and child, were at the door to receive him. But that fair girl, that beautiful woman, could not be the playmate he had left—yet see—she bounds forward, but she too must have been mistaken, for she pauses in utter confusion. It was Gertrude; but from that hour the fate of both was sealed. Meeting in unrestricted confidence, the boy and girl had, before Karl's departure, loved each other as brother and sister; during his absence Gertrude had assimilated, or rather identified him with all that was good, noble, or great, besides accustoming herself to look forward to his return, for the completion of any little plan of amusement she might have designed, thus making him the participator in all her schemes. He, on

the contrary, when he gave Gertrude a thought, did so from remembrance of the sweet child that had so often ministered to his enjoyment, without even dreaming, that whilst he was fancying himself a man, and proud of his prerogative, she too had undergone so great a change: he was therefore awed and astonished, and, when a renewed intercourse proved the graces of her mind to be at least equal to those of her person, he worshipped her with that species of idolatry that only first love can elicit. Thus months rolled imperceptibly away, and winter set in, in all its rigour, more closely connecting family links by close companionship. One morning, the post had been delayed three days beyond the time specified, and some anxiety prevailed in consequence; Karl went forth to hear what news was stirring, when he found a troop of soldiers in the principal street of the small town of M——, that was nearest the village.

"He entered into conversation with them, and discovered that troops were levying and training all over the kingdom. His informant told him that Count von Kühue would shortly visit his estate, to collect efficient aid in person. Karl had heard the great struggle much discussed, that was to embrace the dismemberment of an ancient kingdom, and the sacrifice of a people's rights to swell the

overgrown might of three gigantic powers, so he naturally connected the training of soldiery with the event in question, and returned home, brooding all the way on what he had heard.

"Early the next morning, he sought out some young and ardent spirits, and offered to train them so that they might be able to join the combatants, and meet with preferment. His company soon amounted to thirty, and they, as a relaxation, submitted to severer discipline than was enforced in the camp. Karl perfected them in all the military evolutions either his theory or practice could devise, marched and countermarched them many miles in deep snow, gradually prolonged the watch, and imposed the most onerous duties, till, at length, they seemed to consider fatigue a secondary feeling, that could be indulged or suppressed at pleasure.

"It happened one Sunday, (Karl no doubt being of opinion, 'the better the day the better the deed,') that Gertrude, on the way home, began to converse on a subject that daily became more interesting and engrossing. Come Ida, my girl, I shall disappoint you this time, although that very becoming smile of yours seems to say, love of course; now it was no such thing as love, but war. From war, but I cannot tell you which way, or how, he turned

and twisted the discourse, Karl led to love, and from love to wedding. It seemed the most rational, and natural thing in the world, that the young couple should be married forthwith, at least to themselves, and, by the time they had arrived at the parsonage, Karl had made his proposals; I will not say in due form, for he understood nothing about any sort of form, but he had asked a straightforward question, to which Gertrude, (I blush for her candour,—Frau von Neidgram blushed crimson for sympathy,) gave a direct reply. So to-morrow, said Karl, we will ask your father to marry us, and then you will have a protector, and my corps would defend you against an army.

"Father, Karl began, as soon as the family party had assembled round the cheerful board, Gertrude and I have been talking of being married. The good pastor smiled, but his lady looked in astonishment at the unconcerned speaker. And whom have you fixed on? said the former. Oh! each other, replied Karl, boldly, and we want you to marry us to-morrow. How will you support your wife? pursued the querist. Karl felt, and looked perplexed; it was a subject which he had never considered, yet the difficulties attending it were obvious: he threw down his knife and fork, and, leaning back in his chair, allowed the repast to be removed without tasting it.

"Now, although this is in the most approved lover's style, yet, for Karl, it was so singular a circumstance, that Wolf, his own, his only, and consequently, his favourite stag-hound, and Fidéle, the family pudel, both ventured a sort of remonstrance; the former, by licking his master's hand; the latter by standing as erect as he could, making his best bow, bad enough at best, in awkward imitation of more accomplished beggars. Gertrude looked terribly downcast and crestfallen; she perceived by her lover's looks, that there was a very serious difficulty, and glided from the room to conceal her disappointment. Father! said Karl, after a long pause, how did you support your wife when you were married? As I do now, Karl, by my earnings. But, said Karl, how does young Selbstsucht support his wife; for he earns nothing, but is the idlest fellow for miles round: see what style they live in; she has her silks, satins, and trinkets; he, his horses, dogs, and gun? My dear Karl, said his venerable auditor, Selbstsucht married what is technically called a fortune; that is, his wife had more money than, from her position in society, she had a right to expect: the consequence is, and this is by no means a singular case, that she thought she must marry a gentleman, so fixed on the laziest fellow in the community, and one that was most likely to let her live beyond what

their income would warrant; another general consequence of a monied wife: besides, the man that is mean enough to make money a first consideration in a wife, generally so far loses the respect of the woman he marries, as to find it impossible to limit her expenses, the answer being ever ready, 'a trifle for one with my money,' my fortune entitles me to, &c. A woman so circumstanced invariably appreciates her husband's motives as they deserve. Thus it is with Selbstsucht; he is supporting his wife on her own property as long as it lasts: but remember, Gertrude has no money.

"What is to be done, father? I must have Gertrude, and she will have no one else!

"There is but one plan, Karl; you must get some employment. If you were possessed of unbounded wealth, I should not like you to be the husband of my child, without some definite vocation. Take my word for it, Karl, there is more kindness than severity in the punishments Providence inflicts on our transgressions; and when man was condemned to labour, the sentence was a benefit disguised.

"Karl looked very disconsolate; however, starting from his chair, he hurried forth, and was shortly after striding rapidly towards the village, Wolf running on before, but

in stately circles, as if aware that he constituted the body-guard of the captain of the band, and that, on that account, he must not compromise his dignity. It was an unusual event for the services of the company to be required after a stated hour in the evening, which was long past, and they were dispersed, some having reached their homes, others still chatting ere they separated; but Karl applied his bugle to his lips, and gave the signal for a general muster. The interval seemed to him interminable, and yet, only a few moments elapsed before the thirty presented themselves in presence of their chief.

"Well, my brave comrades, said Karl, what say you? will you be ready to leave sport and try earnest?

"Lead us on! was the general shout.

"Nay, said Karl, I mean not, like the barons of old, to storm my neighbour's happy home, or set fire to his property, to avenge some private pique, by indiscriminate bloodshed; but will you push your fortune, and try what the world is made of? Will you serve king and country?

"King and country! was re-echoed.

"Now Karl felt some natural misgivings in his own mind about this devotion to king and country. Let me explain myself properly; his doubts never for one moment embraced the stout hearts and firm wills before

him; but he could not clearly comprehend how he was serving king or country, by assisting to destroy the identity of a foreign state; however, he consoled himself with the idea, that perhaps older heads might understand it better, and concluded his cogitations by mentally exclaiming, I comprehend that we are serving the king, and suppose the word country is merely annexed, as we often find a law term, viz., that the real meaning may not be too clear.

"Well, then, boys, be ready, by the day after to-morrow; that is, if ye can all obtain leave; but let not one join us without. I would not have a parent's curse upon our enterprize; it would cripple our best purposes; and to know that their prayers are with us, will cheer us many a time when duty presses hard upon our uncurbed wills.

"Good night! Good night! God speed thee, Karl! hurrah!

"Karl returned to the parsonage. All there was dark, save the solitary lamp that witnessed the studies of the worthy pastor. Karl cast a glance towards the window of Gertrude's room; but if she watched, to him she was invisible; however, he felt convinced of her full sympathy, and, with a trusting spirit, sought his friend and counsellor.

"The worthy man was seated in his sanctum; it was the hour he generally devoted to reading: and, although settled

in the living, that could not be wrested from him, still, being of opinion, that he who does not progress cannot stand still, but retrogrades, he continued as strict a course of study, as if he had only just matriculated, and intended a trial for all the prizes. He was a man of simple tastes, and habits, but the elegance of the real philosopher, elevated the former, and the genuine philanthropy of Christianity, dignified the latter; and, although he no longer pursued the fine arts as a passion, yet he courted them as a means by which great and good effects might be produced, even in the humble circle of a poor curate's duties. When Karl entered, the book lay open, but the thoughts of the curate were busily engaged in that future, which Karl had so suddenly opened to his view. What was to become of Gertrude in case of his own death? Her mother nearly as inexperienced as herself! Her surpassing beauty would raise up many suitors, and more wealthy and powerful ones than Karl; but who would love her so dearly, watch over her so kindly, or appreciate her mental graces so fully as Karl, the companion of her childhood, the brother of her adoption, the chosen of her young heart? They might each, he concluded his ruminations, meet with a wealthier mate, but neither with a truer nor kinder heart. There is a contentedness—a thankfulness

for the good in possession, amongst the Germans, that throws a halo of benignity on all around; and bitter indeed must that poverty be, that admits not its influence. The opening of the door aroused the pastor from his reverie; his eye rested on the animated face of the young man, who, flushed with exercise and hope, stood before him.

"My dear father, he said, I have not been idle since I left, and mean not to be so; I will support Gertrude by my earnings, and date my life from to-morrow, when I will learn how to maintain myself and gain a livelihood for her.

"And how, my dear fellow?

"By joining the army, father. I am a soldier's son, have trained thirty recruits that would not shame a fieldmarshal, and it shall indeed go hard if I cannot get their worth acknowledged. I come to ask your blessing, and will then proceed to Count Kühne, and by the day after to-morrow we shall be on the road to the king's rendezvous.

"I will not gainsay thee, Karl, though I would the cause had been a different one.

"My dearest father, if I gain a competence, Gertrude is mine? Gertrude shall assuredly be thine, Karl, if neither change. Now listen; I have saved something for

Gertrude; she shall not be quite empty-handed; and shouldst thou think that sufficient———

"My dearest father, I richly deserve thy implied reproof, but, believe me, it was thoughtlessness—ignorance; no, I would not marry Gertrude, unless I could support her, though, by such a determination, I might lose her for ever.

"The old gentleman brushed his hand across his eyes, and complained that the light affected them.

"I would wish, Karl proceeded, that Gertrude and I might be betrothed, because it would give assurance that you approve the match, and she might then be allowed to express the interest she takes in me, besides being able to correspond.

"I see all the advantage of such an arrangement, Karl, said his auditor, smiling, and will not object.

"I have interrupted your meditations, dearest father, but by daybreak I am off, and shall not be able to return till late to-morrow evening. Tell Gertrude what has passed, and that I would not have left without seeing her, if I had not hoped to hasten our happiness.

"Karl sought his dormitory, but found no sleep there; so wrestling a short time with his impatience, he at length yielded to it, and hurrying to the stable, prepared his

horse for the journey. It was one hour after midnight; a bright, clear sky, and a sharp frost; the leafless trees stretched their branches to the pale moon, and myriads of twinkling stars gemmed the expanse. Karl rode on, fancy overstepping the present, as his own impatience had overleapt the hours of night and repose, in idea he had reached the dawn of happiness, as quickly as he had anticipated the sunrise, that should have witnessed his departure. He had accomplished about three German miles, when the sudden meeting of four lanes, or roads, brought him into contact with another personage.

"Who goes there? stand! were the words that accosted him.

"A friend, was the reply; but stand yourself, approach not another step, for I am armed.

"A fair and courteous warning, laughed the first speaker; however, I mean no harm to 'a friend,' but have lost myself, shame to confess, within a mile of home.

"Shame indeed, said Karl, to call this home, and not know every cleft and rock, every hill and dale, of such a peerless spot. You must needs be cold-hearted, Sir, to be dead to scenes and blessings such as these.

"A good lecture, well read, with truth for the ground-work, retorted the other, and I cry quarter!

"Nay, laughed Karl in his turn, I meant not to use any arms against you, comrade; so we had best join company, and I will act as guide.

"Whither would you?

"To the castle on the hill!

"Oh! then our road is the same; for I am going thither to see Count Kühne.

"Indeed, said the stranger; then you are, I presume, a friend of the Count's.

"No, I have not the honour, said Karl.

"An acquaintance? enquired the other.

"Not yet; but I hope soon to be.

"Perhaps you will allow me the pleasure of introducing you?

"You are very kind, said Karl, but as my visit is one of business, the affair I go about will be my best voucher.

"Hem! said his companion, a secret, I imagine.

"No, said Karl; merely seeking employment.

"Employment! May I ask in what capacity?

"Look you, Sir, said Karl, whose ire was fast rising at being so closely questioned, ask what you like, but, remember I answer what I choose; and to be plain with you, did I not consider the laws of hospitality as binding on the road, as in the house, you and I should soon part company.

"I shall not be inclined to part company with you, young Sir; but as I did not mean offence, hope I may be forgiven.

Karl said something about anger and curiosity; but, as it was not quite distinct, and the stranger did not choose to venture further questions, they proceeded in silence till they reached the castle, where all seemed in commotion.

"Here is my Lord, exclaimed two or three voices at once, as the torches flashed on the forms of Karl and his companion.

"Welcome to Kühnburg, said the Count, for it was himself, as he passed his arm through Karl's, and followed the senechal, who was bowing his way before him. A few apologies, and a few explanatory remarks, soon set all to rights between the Count and his new acquaintance. You have been correctly informed about levying, young Sir; and now in what can I serve you?

Karl was immediately prepossessed by the frankness of his companion; had he met him, and been introduced to him, at his own castle, he would probably have been on the defensive, momentarily expecting some attack on his pride and independence; as it was, encountering a lonely wayfarer, they had met on equal terms, and a

species of familiar equality had been established, before the young adventurer knew that he conversed with the noble.

There was another thing in Karl's favour, the usages of the world were almost all new to him; for his sojourn in the camp, where good fellowship was the best introduction, gave him a very imperfect idea of the gradations society is subjected to, although nowhere is the difference of rank more strictly observed.

Karl gave an animated description of his recruits.

"They shall be drafted into my own regiment, said the Count.

"Under favour, no, said Karl, or our negotiation ends; they have sworn to have no leader but myself, and I am determined to enter no corps save the one in question, which I will train to do good service, and trust to the king's justice.

"Build not too much on that quality, said the Count, who was at once amused and interested by the strange young soldier; but what did you purpose by applying to me?

"Why, said Karl, my ideas on that head are not quite clear; but I wished to explain to you what I had done, and on what terms we would join the army; besides asking

your advice about obtaining loan for outfit—mind, a bounty we will not; and, lastly, what price you would have me fix on our services.

The Count laughed so long and so heartily, that Karl began to feel dreadfully indignant, and measured the distance between himself and the door so significantly with his eyes, that the former subdued his mirth, and, grasping his guest's hand, exclaimed, nay, pardon me, I beg; when you have roughed it in the world as long as I have, you will laugh as heartily, should you ever have the good fortune to be so far amused by such unexpected novelty. But, to speak seriously, I will be your banker; and, should you find further influence than your own requisite, apply to me; meanwhile, I will supply you with such a letter, as shall, I trust, ensure you the terms, for yourself and companions, that you demand. But see, here comes a more substantial proof that we may hope for some of the good things of this life. As he spoke, an ample breakfast made its appearance, which was evidently agreeable to both travellers, from the welcome they gave it.

"You will stay with me to-day, said the Count.

"Excuse me, was the reply; had I not been so fortunate as to meet you, I must, perforce, have waited till you were

visible; as it is, my business is transacted, and promptitude should always be the soldier's motto.

"Well, then, said the Count, let your poor beast have a rest, and I shall expect you to call with your troop, as it will not be out of your way; your men will be glad of such a halt. Meanwhile, I will myself report you to the king, and then leave fortune in your own hands.

"My horse is like his master, my Lord, used to fatigue. Thanks, a thousand thanks for all your courtesy; and now, by your good leave, I'll take my departure.

"Well, said his host, since you persist, go in God's name; but remember, I expect you, and we will arrange the outfit, and any other point you may have thought of.

Karl returned home, and reached it at noon: all were surprised at his despatch, of course delighted; and it was forthwith determined that he and Gertrude should be betrothed. And then, said Gertrude's father, as it may be some time before we all meet again, we will offer up our devotions together, pray a blessing on your enterprise, and a happy welcome home.

The hours flew rapidly; there was a mingled feeling of confidence and melancholy that pervaded the circle, and as evening closed in, and each felt it was the last they would

thus spend together, for some time at least, each concealed the feeling, and was anxious to pass over the present and dwell on the future. Gertrude's voice failed her several times when she attempted to converse, and her bright eyes filled with tears: but Karl was more successful; to him the future was what he attempted to paint it,—the realization of happiness.

Suddenly the sound of the bell was borne on the breeze; and, thus summoned, the party proceeded to the church; it was fast filling. Karl's band sat before the altar, and the relatives and friends occupied the pews. The measured sound of the bell continued for a few seconds, then all was still; not a breath broke the silence,—each was busied with self-communing: the voice of the minister rose solemnly in prayer; it was the fervent outpouring of a father invoking blessings on his children; it was the reliance of faith on the watchful care of Almighty love, and hope based on piety. In after years, when those rude men, in the excitement of conquest, or revelry of the camp, plunged into excesses, that sermon was often their guardian angel; it is true the cheek would pale, and the hand tremble, but the recollection of that parting address saved more than one from the commission of some half-perpetrated crime.

On leaving the church, each family returned home; it was understood that the next morning was fixed on for departure, yet there was no leave-taking; it might be that at each fire-side, where there would be one less to join the family circle on the morrow, the light glimmered later than usual, and the traveller as he passed along, wondered that time had sped so slowly, believing himself mistaken in it. At the parsonage the group separated not; Karl's clothes had to be packed, and his comforts cared for in a thousand little unspeakable, but inestimable attentions. It was in vain they pressed him to take some repose; he felt no fatigue, and, at the hour appointed, he had once more left the cherished home of his childhood: one hour later and no trace remained of the departure of the adventurous party.

On Karl's arrival at Kühnburg, he found that his new friend had been by no means tardy; patterns of regimental dresses were obtained for him to choose from, arms were provided, and as each recruit had a horse, pay for them was transmitted, that their friends might sustain no loss. Karl received a letter to the king, and one of credit on the Count's banker. On his arrival in Berlin, he hastened to the latter, and found that the Count had already advised him of his arrival, a forethought and kindness which he had

full cause to appreciate, when he discovered how much it facilitated all his plans. The day after his arrival was fixed on for an audience by the king. Karl's heart beat thickly; he was about to be ushered, not only into the presence of royalty, but greatness, mental greatness! He studied a thousand set speeches; prepared himself, in his own mind, for as many modes of presentation; pictured all the pomp and pageantry he could imagine; dreamed himself making his best bow to the flourish of trumpets, then started in affrighted bewilderment, on believing that he had approached so near, as to set his heavy and spurred boot on the king's embroidered slipper, and so awoke to dream again of splendour, battle, and of Gertrude.

At length the anticipated hour arrived; Karl was shown into a gallery where several were waiting; but his conductor merely passed through it, Karl of course doing the same, and led the way into one adjoining, where he left him, remarking, that as soon as it was the king's pleasure, he would be summoned. In about ten minutes another door opened, and a middle-aged man entered the gallery, very unlike what Karl had fancied any attendant at Court, shabbily, nay, even slovenly, if not dirtily clad, and with a stern countenance.

Karl took no notice, and the person walked past him,

then, turning suddenly, demanded, What is your business here, young man?

"What right have you to question, Sir? was the uncourteous counter query.

"The right of seniority, replied the other, which might at least command civility!

"If I mistake not, said the young man, a stranger's rights are equally sacred, Sir; but excuse me, I was too hasty. I wait here by authority.

"Hem! said the other gentleman, whose language Karl remarked was incorrect, inelegant, and laboured, are you charmed by the accounts you have heard of a court life?

"Indeed am I not, Sir, replied the young man; it would never suit me! a hero's, a warrior's life for me—honour in the field, and a death of glory!

"Say you so, youngster! I have heard of you before. What do you intend doing with your recruits?

"I intend placing them at the king's disposal.

"Hem! again remarked the other, and what do you demand for their services?

"Why, to reply candidly, said Karl, I should best like letters of marque and a good struggle, but have been advised to engage on the usual terms.

"Then you merely require to have the names entered on

the usual terms, said the stranger, who was, by this time, promenading the gallery, at the young man's side, every now and then stopping, when any thing particular seemed to strike him.

"Gently, good Sir, was the reply; that would by no means suit our plans, for I do not believe that my brave fellows would accept another leader, no, not even our great Frederick's self.

"A headstrong set, smiled the other, to turn soldiers.

"Remember, they are not soldiers yet, said Karl; and if they would be wise, they would make their terms before that appellation belongs to them.

"And you?

"Oh! I will make mine with none but the king.

"Well, said the other, as you list; but I am supposed to possess more influence with his majesty than even his barber, that man of highest consequence at court; so if you choose to entrust your cause to me, I will do my best for you.

Karl had taken a strange fancy to the slovenly gentleman; besides, he felt that the soul-lit eye that rested on him, was accustomed to scan more complex subjects than himself, so, following the bent of his own inclination, and the whispered suggestions of policy, he candidly related his wishes and the actuating cause.

"Well, said his adviser, it is just as well that I know all this; but are you aware that a love-story is no recommendation to the king?

"No, said Karl; I know that love is the parent of heroism, and that in classical allegories, we always find love flying from mere brutal force to the protection of intellectual courage; nay, our Frederick's great qualities would, in all probability, have lain dormant, had he not loved and been disappointed: the severity experienced by an innocent girl, nay, the very immolation of Katte may be the real groundwork of the firmness, resolve, and determination that now prove the best safeguards of his enterprises, whilst the softer emotions these recollections call forth, will make him the father of his people in all kindly feelings.

The listener's countenance had undergone many changes whilst Karl spoke; he now replied,—Young man, I am that Frederick, with whom you seem so intimately, yet so little acquainted; you appear inclined to do good service, so you shall have a trial. I accede to your proposals. Follow me into this cabinet. The king threw open the door by which he himself had entered the gallery, and stepping into the room, his example was quickly followed by the bewildered aspirant for military command.

Frederick took a paper and wrote a few words, then

handed it to the young man. There, he said, examine that at leisure; you will find thirty so small a complement, even of the choicest, that I leave you at liberty to extend it to a hundred.

Bowing and pointing to the door, Karl had just sufficient presence of mind to avail himself of the dismissal; and, on retiring, found himself in the gallery, where several persons still awaited the royal pleasure; hurrying through, he hastened to the friendly banker, scarcely assured that the last scene was not a dream, conjured up by his busy fancy. But now, who so proud as Karl? in the king's own hand, under the king's own seal, he had received his commission; he was appointed Captain on full pay, with the privilege of raising a company on the usual terms of payment, to be defrayed out of the army fund, to bear the title of "The Royal Freebooter Corps."

Karl's determination was now taken, he could call Gertrude his own, and he determined not to postpone an event so promising in happy anticipations. He had ascertained that the Prussian arms were to be directed against Austria; Karl thought of the woman, the wonderful, the all-commanding woman, against whom they would be used, and certain misgivings of conscience, or gallantry, or of both, cast a dark shade on the perspective glory; but he mused

on the Austrians, their towering pride, their tenacious stickling for sovereignty, their overbearing monarch, and the soldier felt elevated in his prowess, and already saw the proud foe prostrate.

The next morning, after seeing his men properly quartered, Karl arranged for his journey, and did not rest till he reached the hospitable castle of Count Kühne, whose possessor however was from home. Karl left a short note and hurried forward; again the well known objects met his view; but this time he threw the bridle to his servant and walked on, intent on surprising the beloved ones.

He had reached the small garden gate, when he heard the voice of Gertrude.

"Then you knew not that I was betrothed?

"Assuredly not, was the reply of Count Kühne, else should I not have offered you my own heart and fortune; shall I be too presumptuous if I add, that I sincerely hope your intended is worthy of yourself and your brother.

"There is some mistake, my Lord, said Gertrude; I have no brother, though I never felt the loss of one, for Karl has been all the kindest brother could be, and even the recollection of that dear tie between us will soon be superseded by a holier and tender one.

"Karl not your brother! Oh! I see it all, and trust the

mutual choice, so worthy of you both, may be a happy one. Indeed I do not doubt it; and if my admiration of yourself could be increased by my friendship for Karl ——

"Karl is here to thank you in person, my generous friend, and to plead guilty to the mean charge of eavesdropping, although he has not met with the listener's reward.

The animated scene that ensued need scarcely be repeated; a few days saw Karl's mission fulfilled. When it was known that he enrolled men by royal grant, more flocked to him than he could or would accept, for he was very choice in the characters of his men, being of opinion, that the defenders of a country should be bulwarks in mind as well as in body: he sought no foolhardy recklessness, but steady courage, induced by a moral obligation; and, young as he was, he well knew that the latter qualification was not to be found amongst the profligate, of whom soldiery so often consists.

So was the first step taken towards a moral improvement in the Prussian service, and now, she stands a pattern to nations for military character.

Karl returned with his bride and his company, or rather the remainder of it, and the first few weeks were spent in perfecting the new comers in their different exercises; a

wish would occasionally intrude for more active service, still the young Captain felt that time was not lost, for he subjected his men to constant training, and so assiduously studied Tacitus, Cæsar, in fact all the commentaries on war, that he could obtain, that his theoretical knowledge was of the first order, and only required practice to shine forth.

The mere butcher neglects diplomacy; the hero studies it as a means of perfecting his art; and, when it can be done, as a method of saving human life, for, paradoxical as it may seem, that is the great end of war, or rather, I should say, the aim of a great warrior.

One evening, when Karl, after a long and fatiguing day's employment, had resolved to devote the remainder of it to his young wife, he entered his home, and found her in close conversation with the king; it was evident Gertrude did not know him, for she was conversing most unconcernedly with him. The small, and simply furnished parlour, overlooked a miniature, but very pleasant garden, and the room was decorated with fresh flowers, forming the only ornamental part of it; the coffee equipage was on the table, waiting Karl's return, and Gertrude knitted as she chatted to the king.

"Here is my husband, she said, as the latter appeared.

A signal from the king prevented an explanation of whom she was honouring with her familiarity.

"Herr von Hohenzollern is going to join us at coffee, my dear Karl, she said, and I was just explaining to him, that, though you are not yet in actual service, yet you would wish your men to excel as soon as opportunity offers, and that you are becoming very impatient.

Karl, although possessed of as much effrontery as most gentlemen of the cloth, blushed crimson.

"Yes, said Frederick, pointing to a chair, (Karl had remained standing,) your good lady has been at some pains to explain your engagements, and I certainly think the interest she takes in your avocations the best compliment she can pay you, and the truest proof of affection; she is just suited for a soldier's wife; no small flattery when a soldier is what he professes to be.

Meanwhile Gertrude officiated as hostess, with perfect self-possession; she was much pleased with the matter-of-fact gentleman, and treated him with the freedom of an old acquaintance.

"Have you heard, said the king, (addressing himself to Karl,) of the embassy that leaves this for the Austrian court to-morrow?

Karl professed his ignorance.

"There may be sharp work, continued the querist, and the commanders are in receipt of sealed orders, not to be opened, till they are one day's march from Berlin: have you received any such?

Karl said he had not.

"Hem! said the king; can I survey your troop, without materially infringing on the rights of this fair lady to your company?

Karl rose with alacrity; and the king, after expressing a hope of shortly profiting again by her hospitality, took leave of Gertrude, who was not aware of the honour conferred. For some time the king walked on in silence, at length turning to the young man, he exclaimed, I need not, Sir, impress on you the value of the treasures the soldier should learn to defend, his household gods, for your domestic happiness is too firmly based, and your choice too well made for me to doubt your appreciation of them; the better will you understand the military policy that always endeavours to carry war into the enemy's country, whilst its own is kept inviolate, inviolable. I would wish my subjects to be actuated by the highest principles of honour. You have attained a post on trial, that places you in one of the most responsible situations. The Captains in my army are all superior men, and it is a matter of regret to me, that

I must study seniority in advancement, as many of them deserve to supersede their commanding officers. However, better times are dawning, and war will give me an opportunity of rewarding merit, whilst, during peace, I can but satisfy the demands of the acknowledged claimant.

Karl's men outdid themselves, although ignorant of the rank of the officer that witnessed their evolutions.

The king expressed his gratification.

"And now Sir, he said, let my departure take place with as little ceremony as my arrival: we shall meet again. To-morrow you proceed as far as Gehzu, where you will be at liberty to open the packet I now give you, and read your orders.

Karl soon came to a decision; Gehzu was in the direct road to Gertrude's father's, and she should go so far with him on the morrow; then he would send her, under the escort of a trusty follower, to await his return in her native village.

You will, I dare say, remember, that on the very day when the Prussian ambassador presented himself at the Austrian Court, to make such demands as the king expected to be refused, a Prussian army invaded Silesia, at that time belonging to Austria.

Gertrude awaited the result at home, but received con-

stant news of her husband's increasing fame; his company was held in the very highest estimation, and she formed reasonable hopes of an early and well-merited competence.

The campaign was over, and the soldiers sought winter quarters. Karl was almost too happy when he embraced his young wife, and kissed the laughing urchin that raised him to the dignified rank of father, whom, in his pride and gratitude, he named after the king. A few months spent in the very delirium of pleasure and happiness, and then the more arduous duties of his profession recommenced. Karl signalized himself;—ample praise under such a leader. He now underwent a trial, that in all probability produced a series of others. Count Kühne, his protector and friend, died suddenly; he had, shortly before, spoken warmly about Karl to the king.

"All in good time, was the reply, if, after a sufficient test, neither you nor I are deceived in him, I will place him in a position where he can usefully distinguish himself. If, on the other hand, I find that he undervalues or abuses the high gifts, bestowed on him for nobler purposes, I will degrade him in face of the whole army.

But Karl did not undervalue or abuse his high gifts; the Royal Freebooter Corps was the admiration of friend and foe, and Karl was the soul that animated it.

Some years had thus passed, when the treaty, that had been the precursor of the war, was signed: many troops were disbanded; amongst others, Karl, who on his return to Berlin, received his congé; and letters which were awaiting him, stated that home—the home of Gertrude's and his own childhood—had been burnt to the ground, the origin of the fire being wrapped in mystery; that she, her child, and, worse than all, her parents, were thus deprived of shelter; and, to add to the distress, her father had suffered so dreadfully from a violent nervous attack, brought on by alarm and grief, that he was incapacitated from attending to any of his duties.

Overwhelmed, but passive, Karl appeared stunned by such accumulated ill fortune; a cloud enveloped his mind, which, for the moment, hid from him the deep anguish that benumbed every faculty, and his distraction ended in a violent brain fever. On his recovery, he found that Gertrude, apprised of his illness by some of the stragglers who had found their way back to the village, had hastened to nurse him. In all that surrounded him, the wife's anxious care was visible; the well-aired, though small apartment, the shaded room, the precious perfume, which the Baltic yields,—a ready tribute to the shore it laves,—spreading its vivifying but cloudy influence around. There sat Ger-

trude's self, pale with watching, but untired, and the first dawn of returning consciousness was hallowed by recognition. It is true Karl recovered very slowly, but the gentle assiduity that tended him, had rescued him from the grave.

With convalescence came the pressure of poverty; and, alas! Gertrude had concealed from him that the banker, in whose hands his small all had been placed, had failed, and that they were worse than beggars, for she had incurred heavy expenses through his illness; and when expostulated with, declared that it was the only means to preserve their honesty, for, she maintained, had Karl perished, his family could but have been supported by becoming a burthen to the state, and incurring debts they could never liquidate. As it is, dear Karl, she proceeded, your recovery is a pledge that all will be paid in time.

Poor Karl! it was poverty no longer, but indigence, to which his wife and child, and the parents of his adoption were now consigned. Gertrude's persuasive tenderness was his only stay.

He petitioned the king humbly and sadly, relating what had occurred; but hours waned, and were no longer counted, then days, weeks supplanted these, and months superseded weeks. At length he determined to appeal to the king

in person, and, for this purpose, presented himself for audience. The powerful influence of Count Kühne did not smooth the way, and Karl was compelled to wait amongst the crowd until the king's usual hour for receiving all petitions, and giving ear to grievances.

It was the same room he had traversed some years before, but merely traversed; now he was waiting amongst the rest, and how long he had to wait!

At length Frederick made his appearance, just as slovenly as years before; nay, it would seem to Karl that the very coat and snuff-soiled linen had not undergone a single change, and that the hands, so pertinaciously crossed on the back, had never altered their position from the time, when on terms of perfect equality, they were promenading the gallery beyond.

Karl leaned back in the recess of a window till each, save himself, was dismissed; he then presented himself, and pithily, although in no courtly phrase, set before the king the different circumstances that had so materially affected him.

"Sir, said the king, when he had concluded, there are too many valuable and worthy men in like condition with yourself; it is a hardship, I grant you, and I wish it were not so; but I can give you no redress: impartiality should

claim as much consideration from crowned heads as prerogative.

"This, then, is your majesty's answer to a starving family ? said Karl.

The king bowed his head slightly, and Karl remembered nothing more till the dense crowd reminded him that he had emerged from the castle, and was again treading the busy scenes of a populous and flourishing metropolis. And thus, he mused, the aspirant for military fame is consigned to all the horrors of griping penury, whilst the pampered, and, perhaps, unworthy son of rank mounts the steps of glory, and realizes independence. The promises of kings have ever been proverbial, from Nimrod to this base, this mean deceiver!

These were his musings as he passed along, and the cool air fanned his heated brow; he sought his home in bitterness of spirit. Gertrude's gentle sympathy, unobtrusive as it really was, seemed but to irritate him; he felt the injustice of his ungracious reply to her anxious question, but the very feeling urged him to greater impatience. She was hurt, evidently hurt, and could scarcely restrain her tears, however she bestirred herself to throw an air of cheerfulness around; but Karl abruptly checked her efforts to produce a change in the conversation, and, depressed,

she silently resumed the needlework his entrance had caused her to lay aside. Karl busied himself all that evening with writing, and would have remained at his desk, had not Gertrude entreated him to spare his newly-recovered health for her sake. By dint of exertion, Gertrude contrived to obtain a supply of plain, though wholesome food; but, in Karl's enervated state, more was required, in fact, such nutriment and support, as her means would not allow. She was willing to lend her most strenuous endeavours to obtain them, but she could only command a scanty supply of employment; and, shame on the rich! they are often ready to secure labour at the lowest price. If she refused, there were others, who, from a variety of circumstances, could afford to undertake the task, and thus she was deprived even of these limited means of serving her beloved husband. In justice to herself and to her talents, she ought not to have permitted herself to be so underpaid; but necessity drowned the voice of justice, and compelled her to submit to its exactions.

The day after Karl's ineffectual remonstrance with the king, a letter was left at the door directed for Gertrude; the messenger had immediately disappeared. Gertrude opened it, and, to her surprise, found it contained a plain card, with four Frederick d'or inserted in it. Karl was present,

and witnessed her astonishment; but before she had time to express either that or joy, he seized the card, and flung it to the other end of the room. What! he exclaimed, insult added to our sufferings! are we to be fed by charity, when our honest industry will not obtain the morsel we require? Whence comes that, Gertrude?

"Indeed, I know not.

"Then swear to me never to use that gift, no, not should we even perish for want.

"My beloved husband ———

"Swear, Gertrude!

"I do, I will, said poor Gertrude, weeping bitterly.

"Oh! Gertrude, my dear, my idolized Gertrude, said Karl, covering his face with his hands to hide the convulsive struggle that shook his frame, why did I take you from your happy home to share my lot? What had I to offer in comparison with what you possessed?

"Your love, Karl, said Gertrude, all and everything to me! Then struggling to suppress her emotion, till she became perfectly calm and collected, she continued; The sentiment you have just uttered, like every false but generally received opinion, leads, and will lead to more unhappiness than I can picture. Remember, mine was a home where comforts had been accumulating, where the

house was stocked by years of care and watchful housewifery, and therefore more prized by those, who, with gradual increase, saw competence and elegance expand out of their own persevering industry. I looked forward to the same progression and extension of worldly well-doing, expecting all the pleasure it affords, for, trust me, the maxim's false that would have a young couple, in our station, begin the world with all provided. Oh! what a sacrifice of mutual sympathy! nor is this all, great though the evil be, but things obtained without trouble cost no regrets to part with. Hence the restless impatience for novelty, that causes so much unnecessary outlay, by a change of household furniture, for fashion's sake.

Gertrude's long speech had almost had the desired effect, and Karl had nearly recovered his calmness. She continued; Believe me, dear Karl, the feelings that, generally speaking, prevent the offer of a worse home than the one possessed, are of the most selfish description, which, under high-sounding but unmeaning display of generosity, are catering to their own convenience.

Karl smiled faintly.

"Remember, all do not think like Gertrude.

"Granted, my dear Karl; but let men oftener give my sex an opportunity of so thinking, by enlisting them to act,

and there would be a much greater aggregate of real happiness, with a smaller proportion of poverty, for that mutual interest, which is the charm of married life, would consolidate affection.

"My dearest Gertrude, see how we are bereft!

"True, my own beloved; but ours is a casualty, and hope is the best antidote to despair; since Providence has granted you to my prayers, I have no further dread.

This conversation had a most beneficial effect on Karl; no further mention was made of the money which Gertrude placed in her workbox, in order to repay it to the person that had sent it, should she ever discover the party. During the week she surveyed it with many a wistful glance, particularly after conversing with the medical man that had attended Karl, and who told her that wine and generous diet were absolutely requisite to ward off consumption.

Karl was now much absent, and, when at home, busy writing, or correcting printed proof sheets. Gertrude had not a doubt that he was either seeking employment, or had accepted some at a trifling remuneration; still, as he maintained silence on the subject, she forbore to question. A week had passed thus, when a ring at the door being answered by herself, she again received a letter, and, on

opening it, again found four Frederick d'or enclosed. Her resolution was taken; Karl was not at home; she had not even enough money left to defray the weekly expenses, so she resolved to accept the remittance as a loan, and to keep a strict account of her disbursements. She sent half to her parents, and kept the rest for present emergencies, not forgetting the wine. When Karl returned, he found all comfortably arranged; and as he had not the courage to enquire into her expenditure, she knew herself to be safe on that point. If he had possessed thousands, they would have been at her command, and he did not scruple to admit her assistance now that circumstances required it.

A month passed thus, every week bringing the remittance; but the fifth week it came not. Gertrude did not feel the loss of it much; she had liquidated all the small debts she had been obliged to contract; a sixth and seventh week without it began to distress her, besides, she had failed in procuring any employment.

She endeavoured to prevail on Karl to partake of what she had provided, without joining him, pleading want of appetite; but love is quick-sighted, and he easily divined the truth, without the means of altering it. However, nothing could now persuade him to touch any food, unless she consented to share.

Much excitement prevailed at the time about a pamphlet that severely animadverted on the king, and a reward was decreed to the person that would bring the author of it to justice. Karl had by some means obtained one of the printed placards, and read it with such uncommon interest, that Gertrude was induced to look at it.

"And who, she asked, after perusing it; who would betray the unfortunate writer of the libel, for ten times the sum?

"I, my Gertrude, said Karl.

Gertrude threw her arms round her husband, as she fondly and proudly exclaimed, I only wish, my own noble Karl, that the poor fellow were as safe from every other informer as from thee!

Karl kissed her fair forehead without further reply; but the next morning found him again in the audience-chamber; and when the king appeared, he walked towards him with so firm a step, but so flushed a cheek, that the other suitors for royal notice fell back with one accord.

"Sire, said the disbanded Captain, I come to denounce the man that has written the offensive pamphlet against your Majesty, and to claim the reward!

"Turned informer? said Frederick, with marked and gloomy displeasure.

"For bread! was Karl's laconic reply. To the other gallery, Sire; this time your Majesty will grant me a private audience.

The king re-entered his cabinet, and beckoned Karl to follow. I trusted to have seen you in a different character, said Frederick.

"I had hoped so myself, was the reply; but after vainly struggling against poverty, seeking honest and honourable employment without meeting with it, overcome by disease, hopeless as regards the future, I have determined on my present course, and demand the price.

"You shall have it, said the king, making out a treasury order, and signing it, without summoning a third party.

"Your Majesty will allow me to leave this sum in your hands, to see it applied to the use of my family; but I require your royal word, that it shall be appropriated to them, for it is said, kings ever keep faith in small matters, and on small occasions.

"You are more caustic than cautious, said Frederick, carelessly: but to the point, Sir; my time is precious.

"You need not wait long, Sire: in me, the informer, behold the author of the attacks on your Majesty, awaiting deserved punishment, and ready to undergo it. You will keep your royal word?

"As surely as I consign you to the fortress of Spandau for the term of your natural life!

So saying, the king opened the door of the cabinet, and whilst Karl was committed to proper custody, again busied himself in writing for nearly a quarter of an hour, then, deliberately sealing what he had been thus engaged with, remarked, this will explain particulars to the Governor. Three hours hence, (turning to the guard,) mind that gentleman is on his way.

A long dreary three hours followed, and the drive was one of unmitigated anguish. He had parted from Gertrude for ever, who would once have told him that the separation would be a voluntary act of his own!

At length the fortress was in sight, and Karl roused himself for a parting glance at the fair scenery that would, after entering that dreary keep, be to him as far out of reach as that fair garden lost to man for ever. They rounded the sweep, the dark portals were in view, they entered the gloomy archway, and, waiting to receive him, was his own Gertrude, with her laughing boy in her arms, and her father and mother, and the curate of the fortress, a young man about Karl's own age, standing by to give him welcome.

Little remains to be told; on opening the packet, it con-

tained his appointment as Governor of Spandau, with these words :—

> "My promise to a mutual friend, now no more, is fulfilled. I have proved you, and found you worthy the place of trust you enjoy. The Fredericks d'or came from me.
>
> (Signed) "FREDERICK REX."

My pretty Ida will find that her old friend has turned egotist, continued Herr von Neidgram, for I am the Karl of the story, and Gertrude is here to speak for herself. Your father can vouch for my astonishment on finding myself nominated Governor, where I expected to be a close prisoner; and should any other part require witnesses, ask Gertrude's venerable father and mother, who still enjoy their quiet home, rebuilt in the most approved style, and containing every comfort, but who intend leaving it to-morrow, to pay us their annual visit. Now, allow me to present Fritz, the urchin that laughed at misfortune and with good luck, as the namesake of my generous patron, Frederick the Great!

THE STORY.

I.

Mother dear, mother dear, tell me a story,—
Something of war, or a tale of the sea;
Tell me, dear mother, of nothing but glory,—
Speak of the noble, the hero, the free!
Gently, my boy; thou art weaving together
Trophies in which every colour is gay;
War must have gore, and the sea stormy weather;
Glory is bloodshed, the hero but clay.

II.

Mother dear, mother dear, tell me a story,—
Something of love, but love faithful and true;
Youth too, and beauty,—love suits not the hoary:
Tell me, dear mother, how true lovers woo!
Gently, my girl; thou art wreathing together
Garlands of roses that have not one thorn:
Love, child, alas! it is light as a feather;
Youth too, and beauty, shall cease to adorn.

III.

But listen, dear children; to tell you a story,
Such as would suit both life and its dreams,
We must mingle with love a due grade of glory,
When wading life's shoals, or breasting its streams.
Thus round thy trophies we'll wreathe the gay flowers
Of virtue and love, boy, to hold them entwin'd:
Let honour, my girl, bring truth to thy bowers;
And for beauty—the choicest is that of the mind.

THE CHANGELING'S GRAVE.

The wretched superstition, on which the following verses are founded, is too generally known, and was, unhappily, too often acted upon, even so near our own time, as the early part of the last century, to require any very lengthened comments. If a child was sickly, deformed, or otherwise particularly afflicted, it was supposed to be a fairy changeling, and little or no attention was paid to the poor stricken one; it was, indeed, sometimes put to the most cruel and lingering torments, protracted till it died, in order to free the supposed inhabitant of fairy land, who was expected to resume his proper shape, when the usurper should have been dislodged by the accredited means. It is easy to suppose that, under such circumstances, the popular superstition would often be made available for the worst purposes. Thus, it is related, that the kinsman of a young and noble infant in the West of England, caused the child to be immolated, and took possession of the estates, in pretended expectation of the rightful heir's return from Fairy-land. One day, as the

shades of evening closed around him, being accidentally separated from his attendants when returning from the chase, he suddenly found himself beside the changeling's grave, a spot unhallowed by the consecration of the church. A vain search was instituted; sometimes his figure was visible in the dell, standing close to the grave, which appeared to be covered with rare and choice exotic flowers, yet any attempt to approach him proved futile; for the adventurer making such trial was either seized with inexpressible horror, preventing his advance, or a thick mist overspread the spot and remained an impenetrable barrier; but if these preventives did not suffice, a stunning blow was bestowed by unseen hand, and, on recovery, the unlucky wight found himself in some other and remote part of the mountain pass, of which the dell constitutes a part.

I.

THE night was cold, the moon was bright,
And icicles in clusters hung;
The air was clear, and all was light,
As if broad day its radiance flung;
The scene was drear, an arid waste,
Girt by the moss-grown rock alone;
The hunter, with redoubled haste,
Attempts a prayer, and hurries on.

II.

Ah ! he has nearly pass'd the dell ;
Why starts he in such wild affright ?—
Let his own words the secret tell :
Away ! in pity, withering sight !
It is the changeling's grave, and I
So long have fled the spot in vain ;
Ah ! now I hear that fearful cry,
And it accuses me again !

III.

Who dares to say that I did play
The traitor for thy large estate ?
Rest thee ! the grave should not betray
The deeds of avarice, and hate !
Hurrah ! hurrah ! a troop comes on !
Off, off ! ye shall not seize on me !
Spectres avaunt ! ye turn to stone
My moving flesh ! I cannot flee !

IV.

They watch'd all night within the hall,
For him that own'd that vast domain,
And oft was heard the seeker's call;
But ah! they watch'd and sought in vain.
There is, beyond yon tow'ring hill,
A spot, man's foot does never tread,
Where fix'd, as by some pow'r of ill,
A stone form watches o'er the dead!

V.

Flowers spring on the tiny grave,
Of matchless beauty, and most rare,
Which an undoubted virtue have,
To draw the poison from despair.
But, then, they must by hands be cull'd,
Free from all sin, on bosoms worn,
Where baneful passions are all lull'd,
And virtue's highest gifts adorn.

VI.

If, tempted by the goodly sight,
Unworthily they should be grasp'd,
The scene will change to blackest night;
The thief by demon form be clasp'd,
And hurl'd in headlong fury through
The dark abyss, appall'd by dread,
Found in some chasm he never knew,
Distracted, maimed, or even dead.

THE WIZARD'S CHILD.

I.

Gaily the skiff o'er the water speeds!
For the maiden that guides the prow,
Is one that can manage the charmed steeds
That care not for bridle or blow.
And hark! from the deep a chorus wild
Breaks on the mariner's ear!
Sons of the sea, the wizard's child,
With her spells and her charms, is near.

II.

The stately ship comes on, comes on,—
A floating castle she;
Of the heart of oak, there is not one
More proud of her strength need be;
And her crew, though once so reckless and wild,
Are sobered, but know no fear!
Sons of the sea, the wizard's child,
With her spells and her charms, is near.

III.

The ship is toss'd on the boiling wave,
But rocks there are none to dread;
Yet who can that brave vessel save?
Not one;—she's to ruin sped!
For demons rejoice in their fury wild,
The screams of death to hear!
Sons of the sea, the wizard's child,
With her spells and her charms, was near.

THE MAGDALEN.

THE CHILD.

It was an hour of beauty, following
A day of glowing brilliance. Even
Bestow'd a temper'd light; 'mid saffron clouds,
Spread ever and anon a purple streak,
Or crimson, merging into softer pink;
And here and there a golden edge was seen
Bord'ring some fleecy semblance of a form;
Flowers were shedding fragrance on the breeze,
And the bright dew-drops glitter'd di'mond-like.
Philomel pour'd the sweetest strain of music
Upon the listening air, wooing the rose,

Whilst the bright stream murmured approval.
Within a room, lighted by the pale moon,
A mother sat, watching a sleeping child
Of matchless beauty, as some passing smile
Would overspread its face,—reflection
Of the pure joy, that gladdens innocence.
The eyes were closed, and the long fringes
Rested on the cheek, where refreshing sleep
In deep vermilion traced its spell.
The silken hair fell into golden curls,
Disdaining all restraint; the rounded arm
And ivory shoulder had cast aside
The coverlid, that was but lightly spread
To deck the couch. Love, health, and peace kept watch,
Whilst safely, in their care, repos'd the child.

YOUTH.

Some fleeting summers have sped quickly by,
And, close to yon pellucid fount, behold
A maiden, in whose loveliness some
Traces still remain of that child's beauty,
Which we left lock'd in the embrace of sleep,

As every passion likewise slept,
That now is waging war against her peace.
The pitcher, her excuse for being there,
Is placed beside the well unfilled,
Whilst she performs her toilet, consulting
The limpid waters. Her hair is gather'd
Into many plaits of curious weaving;
And the veil, that Syrian damsels wear,
Is laid aside awhile, that she may scan
Her beauty, which she deems a fitting prize
For higher station than the one she fills.
And sooth she may: few can indeed compete
With that fair pearl of beauty, Magdalen.
Fatal preëminence! that teaches her
To scorn an equal mate, and to approve
Gay flatterers, that aim, with courtly wiles,
To woo her to her ruin. Hapless maid,
Turn from the honied poison of their speech!
Chiefly from him for whom thine heart most pleads.
Alas! too late, the fatal doom's embrac'd,
And vanity has barter'd innocence.

THE FUGITIVE.

The revel is prepar'd: the rooms are deck'd
With flowers of rarest beauty; mirrors
Of gold and silver shine in glittering
Brightness; couches are rang'd conveniently
For the epicure; in various folds
Falls the rich silken drapery, shading
The lofty hall; fountains shower perfumes
And cooling through the rooms; harp, tabret,
Timbrel, wake the wrapt soul to harmony;
Whilst the symbolic measure of the dance,
In tortuous windings, traces some exploit
Well known to fame, or, in her mazy round,
Displays some scene drawn from domestic life.
A gay and glittering crowd assembles;
But note the one, who, in her dazzling beauty,
Seems queen of ev'ry heart, of ev'ry eye;
Courteous in her demeanour, gentle,
And graceful. She is the flatter'd hostess.
Such the famous banquets Athens boasted,
And such Aspasia, when within her
Charmed and charming circle, wisdom mus'd

Upon her words, and eloquence acquir'd
Fresh powers from her mellifluous speech.
But Magdalene, despite the homage,
That meets her, follows her, or waits upon
Her steps, feels herself an outcast from the
Pale of chaste womanhood's community;
And oft, when admiration, palling
By its profusion, had driven thought
Into the sanctuary of her heart,
Where mem'ry nurs'd remorse, and piety
Sorrow'd in secret o'er the fatal wreck
Of one, alas! who felt that she was born
For nobler aims than thus to live despis'd,
The puppet of an hour, then pointed out,
By scornful virtue, as the fallen one,
She would resolve on reformation,
And a return to sinless poverty.
But whither could she turn? Who would accept
Her deep contrition? She must needs live on,
The slave of infamy, vice, and despair.
Her guests conversed of many subjects
Prevailing then as gossip, and, amongst
Others, of that hermit of the desert,
Who fed on locusts and the wild bee's store;

His raiment camel's hair, with leathern belt;—
The herald of the long-expected King.
Next was discuss'd the entrance of that King
Into magnificent Jerusalem;
And then, with one accord, a laugh of scorn
Resounded at the lowliness of him
Whose train was poverty in ev'ry grade,
Sin, and disease of body and of mind.
No couch was press'd by Magdalen that night;
And when the morrow came, no trace was found
To point out her retreat. She had left all
The rich trappings of her sin, and taken
Nought, save the dress of the poor Syrian,
Which was her own, in days of innocence,
And one small box of precious ointment.

REFUGE.

The swelling numbers of that motly crowd
Proclaim some novelty to see or hear;
The outward ring of the augmenting circle
Strives to press closer to the centre, where
Stands one, in whom meekness is majesty,

Tempering beauty, that otherwise had been
Too dazzling and resplendent for the earth.
Round him are gathered his disciples,
Who, for conscience sake, have left all ties
To follow him,—the unacknowledged King,
The long-expected, yet rejected Son
Of Omnipotence,—Jesus, God and man!
Infants are brought to crave his blessing,
But those about him order them away.
'Twas then that Mary Magdalen fell back,
For she had drawn near to the Saviour,
Though in all lowliness of heart, contrite
In spirit, as became her sinfulness.
But his voice of silvery sweetness—yet
Of such deep earnestness, that it could still
The troubled waves by raging tempests toss'd—
Broke on her ear in tuneful melody.
Forbid them not! and, with kind caresses,
The Saviour raised them to his breast,
Making them coheirs of redemption.
Oh! there was hope and healing in the sound;
And Mary follow'd him to Simon's house,
Knelt at his feet, and bath'd them with her tears,
Anointing them with the costly ointment,

Drying them with her silken tresses, that
Hung dishevelled o'er her brow, a veil
Hiding at once her blushes and her grief.
All looks were bent in condemnation
On her,—all but his; and they, in mercy,
Rested benignantly on the frail form,
That in deep abasement sought escape
From sin's enthralment, and so fled to him,
With nought to offer but her repentance
And love for him, founded on the bases
Of faith and gratitude unspeakable;
For he could trace, and did expound the deep
And troubled workings of her o'ercharg'd heart.
She heard the blessed words, "Great was thy sin,
But now thou art forgiven! Love like thine
Will shield thee, and does purify thy soul
From pollution. Go, and sin no more."

LINA.

"Das Herz nur schafft in süsser Sympathie,
Aus jedem Gegenstand sich Hochgenuss
Hört in dem Sturm der Liebe Morgengruss
Und sammelt Freuden aus des Lebens Müh."

SEUME.

Well do I remember crossing, for the first time, the low marshy ground that leads to Harburg, and the dread I felt at remaining in the carriage whilst ferried over the Elbe, which seemed to fret and chafe at being confined within a channel so narrow, and to threaten to burst its limits, and glide onwards in undisturbed vastness. The tears, I had shed, were only just dried; for I had been listening to a narration of the erection of the wooden bridge, which the

French, to facilitate their own plans, had compelled the sorrowing sons of the soil to execute; its five miles length, and the curses—"deep, not loud"—that attended its completion. I had been listening to all this, for the fiftieth time, at least, and had each time entered into the feelings of the enslaved workmen, with that commiseration an English valuation of freewill alone can comprehend, when we were accosted by a set of squalid wretches, with chains attached to their ankles and wrists, and some of them even dragging a log of wood chained to their leg.

"Oh! Papa, what is the matter? I thought the French had long since left."

"Yes, my love, these are malefactors."

"But are we not in the dominions of England?"

"We are; but the king governs according to the laws of the land, and they enforce this punishment, both as a befitting degradation to those who forget what is due to themselve and their fellow-creatures, and as a warning to others."

As we spoke, I was particularly attracted by a female in the garb of a Hanoverian peasant, whose delicate form but ill-accorded with her attire. Her eye, of a deep blue, was unsettled and wandering, her pale cheek sunk and hollow, yet it had evidently once been beautifully rounded.

Her brow was white as marble, and her golden hair parted carelessly on it, yet with a something that said plainly, "It was not always thus!" She had walked up to one of the convicts, and was holding a cup of water to his lips with one hand, whilst the other seemed unconsciously to play with his badge of slavery.

"Poor Lina!" said the officer of the guard, as he observed her.

Our carriage dashed on; we had left the group, and soon all that was sombre was forgotten in the joy of greeting. I did not even recollect that it had struck me, people were not quite so free as in our own dear England.

The day passed joyously; and the next morning I was delighted to find that the parade took place just before my uncle's window, who resided next door to the commanding officer. I was watching some of the military evolutions, when I saw the peasant girl cross the street, and hurry to fill her water pitcher; she then seated herself, and watched the soldiers with somewhat the air of a connoisseur, till they dispersed, when she commenced the then popular ballad, "Shoene Minka," in so sweet a strain, that it was evident hers was not the untutored voice of a country girl, although there is a natural sweetness peculiar to the vocal

strains of a German peasant, but the taste of a skilful musician run rather wild.

"Poor Lina!" ejaculated my uncle.

"Poor Lina!" repeated Mrs. Voss.

And "Poor Lina!" responded I. "But who is poor Lina?"

"Poor Lina was," said Mrs. Voss, "the pride of the town, the admiration of the men, the envy of the women, but the darling of every one: mothers cried her up as a pattern for their daughters, fathers sought her as a bride for their favourite sons, and youngsters laid aside their self-sufficiency, and confessed that the chosen of Lina would be an enviable being: such was Lina Liebhold. But the Lina now before you, is a guilty, despised, nameless thing. Poor Lina is a maniac. In vain did suitors, almost without number, try to gain Lina's heart; they felt that the polite and ever-ready attention afforded to their conversation, on other matters, was likewise accorded to their declarations of love, and the very self-possession and ease evinced, was the death-blow to their hopes and checked expostulation: thus matters stood.

"The tender affection that Lina evinced towards her sole surviving parent, the respected pastor of the town, was

the only guarantee for so lovely a being possessing tenderness or affection: but it was an ample one; for whoever witnessed her filial care and watchfulness, felt assured that, when the sensibilities of that pure and gentle creature were once warmed into existence, it would be with an intenseness and devotedness that neither time nor its changes could affect.

"Frequent were now the reports of French success, and French profligacy; that is, the profligacy of a victorious and elated soldiery. Lina, like the rest, trembled with indignation and terror.

"At length the town was taken; the victors quickly claimed homes in our houses, and our domestic circles were unceremoniously entered by our enemies, although, certainly, their gaiety and constitutional politeness formed a flimsy veil for the excesses of martial life, which, however, the young and unwary did not always penetrate.

"Major de Belliste was quartered on our kind and hospitable clergyman, and might have imposed on a more wary temper than his unsuspicious host's; a handsome person set off that elegance of manners that is only acquired by mixing with polished society; an extensive knowledge of the world, assisted by a tolerable share of literary proficiency, and a suavity of address peculiar to a soldier and

a Frenchman. Can it be wondered at that his host considered him a paragon, or that our poor, unsophisticated Lina fancied him the beau-ideal imagination had so long and so vainly pictured.

"Months, the dull, weary months of winter, wore slowly and sadly away, for the fortune of the French prevailed: the gay ball or masquerade only covered, could not conceal, the horrors that awaited us. Slowly and sadly to all but Lina. She was a changed being; her interests in her country, once so warm and lively, were gone; she lived as in one soul-absorbing dream; it is true that her attentions to her father were apparently the same, but, alas! only apparently: they were now the mechanical offerings of a pre-engaged mind: true that the news of the latest victory was hailed with as much impatience as ever, but it was no longer a subject of sorrow that her countrymen succumbed; it was rather a rejoicing that the companions of Belliste did not disappoint his hopes and anticipations: true that her appearance in the ballroom was seldom as ever, but she no longer conversed unconstrainedly with her companions: there was a line drawn between their sympaties and hers; she was either taciturn and sad, or unseasonably talkative and elated. Meanwhile Belliste perfectly understood his power, and the character of her who thus devotedly loved

him: nor had the prepossessions and prejudices of her father escaped him; he had often heard him express his determination, that no child of his should ever marry a soldier; and he was well aware that his patriotism would place the union of his child with one of the enemies and invaders of his country quite out of the question. Lina's hopes were more sanguine: 'He knows your worth, and will think better of it; he will not refuse; he knows not how to deny my most trifling request; and will he even pause to consider when he knows our demand involves the happiness of two human beings?' It was therefore resolved, that Belliste should make his own and her wishes known to her father, and join her in another hour on the banks of the Elbe, to tell her her father's decision.

"The shadows of evening were fast darkening the avenue of elms; Lina had alternately seated herself, or paced up and down for the last two hours; to her it seemed an age; yet she looked forward to a certainty of success, and could not have analyzed the intricate feelings that caused the quick and unequal pulsation of her heart. Many a fond and youthful pair had passed her, in this their favourite walk, but she heeded them not, or if she smiled and nodded in return to their salutation, it was forgotten as soon as over. At length a solitary figure approached from one of the stone

arches. Could it be her lover? it was certainly an officer in the French uniform, and like Belliste; but that was impossible, he moved so slowly, so heavily. Could her father —— For the first time the probability of disappointment presented itself. She leaned heartsick and faint against the palisades.

"'Lina!' She started.

"The voice was Belliste's, but how different to what she had been accustomed to; it was broken, the words were hurried, and almost inarticulate.

"'Lina! my fears were just; your father's resolution is not to be shaken: nay worse, I am under promise not again to enter his house, but to request the commandant to remove me to other quarters. He knows not that I am now speaking to you, but believes you to be in your own apartment.'

"Poor Lina gazed at her lover in mute despair and surprise; the colour left her lips and cheeks, and the evening breeze, now become cold and wintry, alone saved her from fainting.

"'Belliste, it cannot be! it is impossible! You have not understood him. I will speak to him.'

"'It is in vain, Lina. I have said, I have tried all. But one plan now remains—a private marriage. Promise

to be mine, and then we shall have time to win his forgiveness!'

"'Oh Belliste! do not ask it! What! marry without his sanction—his blessing?'

"But why trace this scene of hypocrisy and delusion? Enough to say her promise was gained, the barriers of dissimulation, disobedience, and ingratitude were passed, and Lina returned to her father's dwelling, pledged to desert and deceive him.

"A fresh supply of French troops were now daily expected. Major Belliste's removal from Liebhold's was forgotten in the excitement. Nay, even the rumour that he was quitting the town, called forth little speculation excepting from some of Lina's ci-devant lovers. At length the drawbridge was lowered for the admission of the expected troops.

"Major de Belliste left the next morning, and beside him walked a young officer, whose uneven and trembling steps proclaimed an invalid: no doubt was entertained by the few townsmen who witnessed the departure, (for, being only five o'clock, it was too early for many to be present,) that he had entered with the party of the preceding evening, as he was not known, and it had been too dark to distinguish any one.

"Mildly, but splendidly, rose the sun on that same morning, like ambitious dream to opening manhood, but who can anticipate or portray its torrid midday, and its scorching beams? A horseman is hailed by the weary sentinel, the guard called out, and an officer examines a paper drawn hastily from the traveller's vest, who is then placed under the guidance of a soldier; and, after brief parley with one of superior rank, the clatter of his horse's hoofs is heard waking with noisy tread the still sleeping townsmen: he pauses at Liebhold's door, and, after some delay in gaining admission, and satisfying old Margaretta's curiosity, she hurries to awake her master.

"'A-lack-a-day! well, well! weddings, and deaths, births and christenings; so the world goes. I marvel my pretty nursling is not roused. Such clatter! such hubbub! and Master Goetze too, of all folks, to want spiritual consolation! This comes of racketting and witsharpening!'

"'How now, Margaretta! cross at being wakened?' asked the mild voice of Liebhold: 'Who is thy messenger? His purpose must be urgent, to excuse such noise at such an hour. Has he disturbed our Lina?'

"'No, Lina sleeps; light heart brings sound slumbers,' said the dame: 'our messenger is Goetze's nephew; his uncle, at his last extremity, requests your prayers and comfort.'

"'Goetze! poor Goetze! is it even so!' exclaimed Liebhold; 'thou whose genius proved thy bane, and thy undoing; thy earthly fortune, but thy soul's dark snare. Alas! poor friend! thou wouldst not take my counsel, nor ask my presence, save in time of need!'

"A few minutes saw Liebhold retreading, at the stranger's side, the road so lately traversed by him alone: for one moment he had paused, at Lina's door, but all was hushed; and the father rejoiced at leaving his child in tranquillity and comfort. Goetze lingered till midnight; sometimes scenes of his childhood would pass in troubled outlines before him, then the high hopes and aspirations of his youth, then the blight that avarice and licentiousness threw over the blossoms of promise, and groans of despairing agony, for a life thus worse than wasted, thus vilified, would call for Liebhold's prayers, his steady hope of pardon, and his sympathy.

"Pass we over the last sad hour of religion and friendship tending death: elevated in mind by the pure doctrines he had just been illustrating, bowed in heart by the earthly loss of a loved though erring friend, at an early hour he left the village to return to Harburg,—to his home, to his child. Strange, meanwhile, had been the gossip of that little town, unprecedented its excitement, even in those

times of tumult, and mixed were the feelings of grief and anger. Margaretta, becoming alarmed at Lina's non-appearance, was still more dismayed at receiving no answer to her summons, and finding the door of her apartment locked, her fears for her darling caused her to call assistance. The door was forced open, but the room found tenantless, and a note, addressed to the bereaved parent lay unsealed on the table; an open window, communicating with the garden, explained the mode of egress. Little ceremony was observed in reading the note, as a clue to this unexpected elopement; and no delicacy prevented the rapid circulation of its contents, which, as nearly as I can recollect, were as follows:—

> 'Condemn me not, kindest of fathers, if for a time, I leave you childless. In a few days I shall return, the happy wife of Belliste, and, thus, you, as well as I, shall have gained; you, by having two children instead of one, to love and honour you; I, by possessing the only being that could ever win my affections, without whom, life had been a blank, existence misery. Oh! be prepared to pardon and receive the husband of your
>
> 'LINA.'

"In the course of an hour, this startling intelligence had

run through every circle of the town, with all the additions of improbability or exaggeration, that are ever added on such occasions; but the general consternation was considerably increased, when it was discovered that the wife of Major Belliste had entered the town with the party of the preceding evening: he had been two years united to her; and she certainly was a beautiful creature, but as unlike our Lina, as the dazzling midday sun to the mild evening star; lofty, haughty, commanding: for a moment the rush of disappointed feeling was expressed by the upraised eye and starting tear, but only for a moment; the next, all appearance of emotion was suppressed, and none would have believed her to be the deserted wife, whose confidence had been betrayed, and peace broken by him, whom she had chosen as the protector of both. Messengers were dispatched, to overtake, and, if possible, to save Lina; but Belliste had so managed matters, that, a few miles from the town, he had permission to leave the party, and direct his steps whither fancy beckoned, unshackled by command: this much was learned by applying to the commandant; and so many hours had intervened, that, of course, pursuit was useless, and, according to our expectations, the pursuer's errand was a bootless one.

"But to return to Liebhold. Was it grief for the loss of

Goetze that caused the heaviness of heart he experienced on his solitary way, or was it that strange presentiment, the very vagueness of which increases our dread and melancholy? He thought of his quiet home, his peaceful study, decked with the fresh flowers his child had culled to please him; he thought of that child, her affection, her goodness, her beauty, and his heart bowed itself in humble gratitude to that power that had thus blessed him; he recalled the sorrows of his youth, as the chastening from a father's hand: in this mood he entered the town, too much absorbed in thought to notice that all shunned him; for who could be the first to wound that good old man's feelings? But the father's heart glowed warmly as he approached his own loved door; much he wondered that the hand of affection had not opened it, and a slight shade of disappointment crossed his brow at not hearing the cheering welcome from the voice of filial love. Then came busy thought; Surely she is not ill? Nay, the very tread of old Margaretta conjured up a thousand dreads, but not one thought approaching the truth.

"'Where is my child—my Lina?'

"'Alas! Sir, all has been done, we fear!'

"The old man waited for no more, but rushed forward to the room of his child, expecting to find her on a bed of

sickness; all there was sad, cold, deserted. He turned round for an explanation of the scene; Lina's note was handed to him; he ran it hastily over, as we imagined, (for I had entered the house with several others,) but he scarcely appeared to comprehend it; at all events, it afforded him no comfort: the agony of his mind was expressed by the glassy eye, convulsed lip, and livid brow: he tottered, and the next moment beheld him lifeless at our feet. Vain were the efforts of medical skill; the fatal blow had been struck by too dear a hand; the heart of that single-minded being had received a mortal stab, and Providence, in kindness, removed him from the scene of woe and wickedness that followed.

"Summer again merged into autumn, autumn into winter, still no tidings arrived of either Lina or Belliste. Madame Belliste remained and visited in all the gay circles here; she seemed not only to have banished from her heart, but from her mind, the ties that bound her to Belliste, and allowed herself the full range of enjoyment, that a married French woman claims exclusively. Meanwhile there were rumours of treachery—double treachery; for the French maintained that some spies discovered and counteracted all their designs, whilst the Hanoverians insisted that some one,

betrayed their most secret resolutions to the opposite party. In this state of uncertainty, distrust became the order of the day; no one knew where the secret spy was hid.

"Matters had proceeded in this manner for nearly a fortnight, when another detached company of French entered the town, amongst which was a youth, whose uniform denoted him to be aid-de-camp of some officer of distinction. His age attracted but little attention, for it was customary to see mere striplings high in command; but there was a languor and melancholy about the boy's appearance, that seemed incompatible with his age, nation, or profession; it at once created sympathy, despite the general feeling of distrust then abroad: no one suspected him.

"On the second evening after his arrival, a large party was assembled in the public ballroom, when he entered, and sauntering slowly forward, joined our national dance the waltze; he had chosen a former favourite companion of Lina's for his partner, after some desultory remarks on the size of the room, the brilliancy of the lights, and the pleasures of the dance, their conversation turned on the company assembled, in which he gave his opinion of the young ladies present, in a manner that did credit to his penetration and knowledge of character.

"'And who,' he demanded, after having concluded, 'who is your chosen friend? for amongst you ladies, I understand, such an appendage is indispensable.'

"Lotte's dark blue eye filled with tears. 'I once thought so,' she replied, 'but then, my chosen friend was the favourite of every one, none then thought that her father's heart would be broken by her desertion, or that his grave would be left untended and flowerless by her.'

"The youth reeled, and sank into a seat; but in another moment declared that it was only a passing spasm; the heat of the room; he had only just recovered from severe illness, and still felt a lassitude attendant on it; he would take a turn in the open air, and try its recruiting power, then return and claim his fair partner, as a proof that he was not seriously indisposed.

"He hurried out of the room, but returned no more to it that evening; and when the revellers broke up, a straggling party, in passing the churchyard, saw a figure kneeling on poor Liebhold's grave.

"It was then two o'clock, and though the clear moonlight shone over the whole churchyard, yet the cold was intense, and they would, in all probability, have passed on, had not curiosity led them to ascertain who could be paying such an act of devotion at such an hour; to their

surprise, they found the young French officer, who was too much absorbed to notice them till they spoke, when he sprang up, and, pushing past them without a word, darted out of sight. Amazement stupified the beholders, and it was not till the figure had vanished, that they found words to express their astonishment.

"Curiosity was now thoroughly awake; the youth's steps were waylaid, his conversation reconsidered, his conduct watched with the nicest though most secret scrutiny; but during several days nothing transpired, and his observers began to weary, when a fresh circumstance gave their exertions a new impetus. This occurred at a masquerade. It was no very difficult task to discover the youth, for he appeared to have taken little pains to conceal his character, a blue domino thrown over his regimentals, and a crape vizor being all the difference he had made: he seemed to endure rather than enjoy the scene before him, and had thrown himself listlessly onto a couch nearly concealed by drapery, whilst his spirit visited scenes of greater interest; but it was much doubted by those, who noticed the shade on his brow, whether the reflections were pleasing.

"It was at this moment, that another domino approached, and asked him, when he would depart? at the same time holding out a hand to him on which was a signet ring.

"'Now! directly!' was the reply, whilst the youth sprang forward with animation.

"'Caution,' rejoined the other speaker; first, I will show you my credentials, but not here, lest we should be observed: notice my face; is it familiar to you?'

"The mask was raised, and the concealed witnesses discovered the features of Madame de Belliste. The youth shook his head as though in doubt. They were now inclined to consider the whole as a masquerading trick, but wished to see the denouement, when the next sentence caught their attention.

"'You must have known old Liebhold, from the deference, I am aware, you pay to his memory: meet me an hour hence, at his grave; there shall you hear my disclosures.'

"The young soldier sank back upon the couch, but, before he could answer, Madame had mingled with the crowd. In a few moments he left the saloon; need I say that he was followed? He walked slowly along the path beforementioned; the Elbe lay peacefully beside him, and the shadowy elms stretched their lifeless branches in rude disorder; occasionally he stopped and sighed, or, to judge by the sobs, wept; however, he pursued his way, passed the parsonage, turned the gate, and was again beside Liebhold's

grave: there he threw himself down, it would seem, in mental agony, his lips and brow pressed to the cold earth, whilst to sobs succeeded groans of anguish: 'Father! pardon! comfort!' Was it a prayer to an heavenly parent? It was remorse, but what could cause such deep remorse in so young a being? But little time was accorded for reflection; another figure issued from the church porch. 'You are punctual, youth! yet, ere we proceed, this for the general's private ear; he knows the parties well. There was once a high and beautiful maiden, who was wooed by a young and valiant soldier; from numbers he bore away the prize; perchance it was not love that prompted him, but the wish still to be foremost in every pursuit; it may be too, that love had little share in the proud maiden's heart: perhaps vanity had caused her to smile upon his suit; no matter, they were married; and then came mutual jealousy, competition, and bitterness; they parted, he to fields of strife, she to the haunts of gaiety and pleasure; then came the whisper of those who erst had envied her, meant for her ear, saying, That he had burst her chain; that she who had gained, had not the power to retain him. No matter for the name; that anon. Dost mark me?'

"A silent and rather impatient nod of assent was the only answer.

"'Well, then, she resolved to disprove these whisperings, and resume her sway, and for that purpose followed him: he was in a small country town; but there he had contrived to find a being whom he loved; with her he fled, the very day of his wife's arrival, and married her. But did he forget that he was already married? Did he think, that proud, haughty spirit, to which he was united, would forgive such outrage? 'Tis not love, but revenge, that now pursues him; his minion is in her power,—his own doom sealed,—his honour blasted!—a traitor and a spy,—his life a forfeit to military law; this has she effected, and these are thy credentials. Before thee, his mistress, stands the wife, and my narrative is the story of Belliste.'

"The silent churchyard rang with the frenzied shriek of poor Lina, for, of course, you are aware that it was herself; then came doubt of the terrible story related to her.

"'Fiend! monster! it is false as thine own black soul! Away! try me no further! Father of mercies, defend my bewildered senses! save me from murder!'

"Something struck against the gravestone; and the small lantern, which Madame de Belliste had provided for the conference, showed, in its rapid flight, the sword which poor Lina had drawn in the moment of desperation, which, however, at the same instant, she had flung from her in

dismay. Oh! then, the thrilling laugh of diabolical revenge, from her who had planned this scene, seemed to scare the very inmates of the tombs.

"'Is it thus thou strikest, partner of Belliste? Nay, then, my hand and heart had both been firmer; for know, that I alone possess the proofs that can condemn ye, and to-morrow's sun sees the death of the traitor, lured hither by my contrivance, in thy name.'

"She had seized the lantern as she spoke, and the next moment all was dark and silent, save the sigh of despair.

"'His mistress! married! could he thus deceive me! Ah! now I remember all his inconsistencies. But he is in danger, in her power. Now, Belliste, I'll prove thy guardian angel, and then ——— '

"'Yes, then, our paths lie evermore apart!'

"She left the churchyard, and the bewildered watchers were too much agitated with what they had seen and heard, to wish to interfere with one whom they once dearly loved, and now deeply commiserated.

"The next morning the muffled drum announced the commencement of the procession that was to lead a military delinquent to death; numbers, as is ever the case, flocked to the spot, to witness the execution, particularly when it was announced that it was the brave General de Belliste,

who had been proved a spy and traitor. He was led forward by the guard, muffled in his regimental cloak; his hat shaded his brow, over which it was closely drawn; he appeared shrunk in stature; probably shame might depress him; but when the hat and cloak were removed, to the surprise of all, an Hanoverian peasant girl stood in front of the line. Her face deadly pale, but otherwise perfectly calm and collected, few, even of the intimates of Lina, would, in this dreadful moment, have recollected her. The features were the same, but their entire expression was altered. When the consternation had a little subsided, she was removed, and what then became of her was involved in doubt and mystery.

"At length the French evacuated the town; the story of Belliste was forgotten, or nearly so, although poor Lina often obtained a sigh of commiseration.

"One morning, the quiet little place was alarmed by the appearance of two well known officers of police from Hanover, where a large forgery had been discovered. The search of the officers of justice proved successful, and the criminals were taken; one of them, a female, pematurely closed her existence by means of poison, concealed in her bracelet. A few days after, when the convicts were led forth to their daily task, General de Belliste was seen,

dragging his chain, amongst the number, reft of all disguise. Those who had known him in the zenith of his power, so short a time before, now either passed him unnoticed, or as a loathed and hateful being. One only daily visits him. She had returned from an evidently long journey, though none could tell whither that wretched one had directed her wanderings; for on her first interview, after her return, with him, who had blasted her peace, her reputation, and her principles, and since she had placed herself, by means of a soldier devoted to her interests, in his place of punishment, it was perceptible that intelligence,—that brightest, noblest gift of heaven,—had fled, and nothing remained but the form of the once courted and beloved Lina Liebhold.

"No persuasion could cause her to change the peasant's garb in which she gained admittance to Belliste, on that memorable occasion. She goes and seats herself beside him, shares with him the food with which pity plentifully supplies her, and always fills her pitcher with fresh water from the spring, to carry to him: she has no recollection of any one but him; when he is within the keep, she seeks her father's grave,—her only resting place, from which neither force nor entreaty can compel her: how one so tenderly nurtured can endure such hardships, is an enigma; but she seems neither to feel privation, nor to seek for

comfort: she is like one of the unburied of old, a wanderer on the earth, whose peace and quiet can only be ensured, by entering the narrow limits of the tomb. Her snatches of songs pierce the very soul. Listen!—

"'I'll think of thee love, when the sun rides on high;
I'll think, when he's sinking beneath the blue sky:
No more dare I trust thee, thou'st broken my heart;
Till death shall unite us, my love, we must part.'

"Lina's voice still sounded at a distance, as she hurried forwards to join the convicts, unconscious of the commiseration she elicited."

Though I dare not presume to think that this little sketch will have any attractions, excepting for the most partial friends, yet to many the circumstance will be matter of interest, as the events are, I dare say, still remembered; and, though delicacy, to surviving friends, has caused me to change the names and stage of the actors, yet I have no doubt that many will affix both aright.

THE AUCTION OF HEARTS.

TO CURIOSITY DEALERS, AND TO LOVERS OF VIRTŨ.

TO BE DISPOSED OF BY PUBLIC AUCTION,

RELICS, ANTIQUITIES, CURIOSITIES, and SINGULAR PETRIFACTIONS, &c., by order of the Assignees, Proprietors, and Shareholders.—The funds resulting from the sale are, after all expenses have been paid, to be appropriated to charitable purposes.

N.B. Several Cases of Brains on hand, stuffed, smoked, dried, or otherwise prepared, and in a state of high preservation.

I.

To be sold, all duty free,
Sev'ral hearts, in cases pack'd;
Eligible property,
And by great inducements back'd.
Number one: this heart has been
At least a dozen times exchang'd,
And has great experience seen,
For it much abroad has rang'd.

What no bidder? Pray begin!
Yes, Ma'am, any thing will do!
The case is old, and somewhat thin;—
These rich trappings—all shall go
To enfold it. Ah! in price,
Now 'tis rising ten to one!
Add more tinsel in a trice—
Going to youth and beauty—gone!

II.

Here are some both crack'd and broken,
But the cases well preserv'd;
Sev'ral for this lot have spoken,
Wishing it to be reserv'd.
But the owners all protest,
For the markets are so low,—
Sinking, it must be confess'd,
Daily. Place them in a row.
What! no bidder? This, Sir, is
A veteran belle's with empty purse;
That, a fortune-hunters; this,
A sentimentalist's,—no worse;

This a simple girl's, who lov'd
A man that did no money own,—
Poor silly thing. They're all well prov'd.
Going—to sell again—gone, gone!

III.

Here are some that have been order'd
For this market,—hard as flint;
Richly are their cases border'd,—
They've envelopes worth a mint.
Here's the first, a spendthrift courtier;
Think of this time-server's worth,
Or that usuring money-hoarder,
A parvenu, that sneers at birth,
Still no bidder? They're indeed
Cheap as promises, I vow!
Quoting an acknowledg'd creed,
The best hearts are most heartless now.
Useful, that, a nonchalant;
This is selfish, cold as stone;
That, deceitful but gallant,
Going—for general use—gone, gone!

TO A FAVORITE FRIEND, ON THE BIRTH OF AN INFANT.

Hark! are those sounds of joy upon the silence stealing?
They are, in gratitude, a mother's heart appealing
To human sympathies, although no utt'rance tells
The deep-felt bliss that in her bosom dwells;
O'er her unconscious babe, in rapture, bending,
The earnest prayer to heaven's high dome ascending:
Blest spirits, bear unto the throne of grace
The rapturous thought that words can scarcely trace;
And cherub messengers, in whispers mild,
Bear gracious promise to the sleeping child.

I.

Baby mine, the sorrow's over,
And I clasp thee to my breast,
Seek some likeness to discover,
Hush, and fondle thee to rest;
Gaze upon thee, helpless creature,
With delight but mothers know,
Trace in each unconscious feature
Claims on love, defying woe.

II.

Angels round us thou seest hover,
Hymning God in hallow'd lays;
In thy smile, too, I discover
That thou hearest sounds of praise.
Gladdening are their joyous numbers,
Heaven's own charm about thee wound,
For their whispers soothe thy slumbers
With the dear, familiar sound.

III.

Let me join thee then, in spirit,
  Kneeling at the throne of love,
Praying that thou mayst inherit
  Christ's reward, in heaven above.
Wakest thou? The spell is broken!
  Still, my baby, I can trace
Promises, in whispers spoken,
  In the smile that lights thy face.

BOLIVAR'S BRIDAL AND CONSPIRACY.

The old baronial hall was decked
In splendour. All the pageantry of yore
Was in request; the ancient tapestry,
With gorgeous colors and grim figures,
In full display, marshall'd to other days,
That live in story or in memory.
The castellain, in pride, recounts the deeds
Of Toroe's heroes, to the listening bands
Of servitors, that, in state liveries,
And all the pride of holiday costume,
Deign carelessly to listen. Maidens, too,

Are twining garlands, tastefully disposed,
Or giving, here and there, the fairy touch,
That only practis'd female taste bestows;
And, ever and anon, one joins the group
With beaming face, fresh from the toilet, where
She has contemplated her own beauty,
Enrich'd by ornaments that damsels love.
Here are whispered words of magic sense,
And glances, conjuring roses into
The pale cheek; and sighs, that meet response
In echoing sighs, when words cannot convey
The deep intensity of love and hope.
Orange flowers, in rich profusion,
Scatter their perfume, and the bridal wreath,
Of snowy whiteness, claims their choicest buds.
Music is swelling on the breeze,—music
That, in rich and flowing numbers, speaks of
Glory, of victory, hope, and renown.
It pauses, and a gentler strain, floating
In melody, dwells on the list'ning air.

THE BRIDE'S SONG.

I.

Another home is henceforth mine;
But ne'er shall I forget
These blissful scenes,—they will entwine
With happiest thought; and yet
Methinks this home less lov'd would be,
If, Bolivar, I lov'd not thee.

II.

Dear are these bowers; I lov'd to stray
Amidst their haunts, and court their shade,
Loitering here the livelong day,
Within their cool green precincts laid:
And fancy, even then, to me,
Spoke, my own Bolivar, of thee.

III.

My only love, how dear are they
I ever dearly lov'd before!
Ah! for thy sake, I e'en must say,
I love all human beings more.
Then cease contention, let war cease!
Bolivar's aim be love and peace!

Mute are those tuneful notes! the lute's last sound
Has mingled sadly with the murm'ring breeze
That moans despondingly amidst the grove.
In joyous and invigorating sounds,
Exultingly, the martial notes reply.
She is his own! the young and ardent hero
Claims not a wish beyond!
Forgotten is
The thirst for glory, the desire for fame.
She is his own! heaven on earth is his,
Their home a paradise,—at least so thought
The noble and heroic Bolivar.

And she—she dream'd not that beyond that pale
There could be tyranny, hatred, revenge,
And all the thousand ills of slavery.
Thus autumn moons sped by, and wintry ones
Pass'd all unheeded; spring came in dalliance,
And summer in glowing beauty.

Alas!

That home like this should pay the penalty
Of man's primeval dereliction!
Oh! what an earthly paradise was theirs!
And, to crown all, she only liv'd for him!
Friends! bear with me awhile, I will be brief;
Or,—for a brother is recounting
A much-beloved sister's early death,—
Refer you, for continuance of my story,
Unto the patriot I am describing.
Deep silence reigned throughout the hall,
For he, thus called upon, was striving with
Mem'ry and all the vivid images
That retrospect call'd up.

At length he spoke.

It was an even fairer than the mind
Of poet ever fabled, or limner,
With happiest tints, could give to view;

The birds had warbled their last notes of praise,
And all was hush'd !
'Twas nature's dreaminess.
The bridal pair stood at the lattice,
Noting the one pale star of silv'ry lustre
That shone and twinkled in the deep blue sky.
Her brow was whiter than the drifted snow,
O'er which her wavy tresses floated free,
All unconstrained by band or by bandeau ;
Her eyes beamed with a foreign lustre,
Though bright their own.
The glow upon her cheek
Was like the damask rose, deeply blushing
To hear its beauty praised.
Her fairy hand
Pressed his with burning touch.
Spare me, friends !
The morrow saw her shrouded for the tomb.
And what was patrimony then to him,
Thus dreadfully bereft ? What was, henceforth,
The home to him that she had used to grace ?
He fled, but rested not : returns to you,
To free you from oppression's bondage,—
To dedicate his energies and hopes,

With every earthly wish for happiness,
Unto your cause!
Think ye ambition
Can have charms for him, whose thought lie buried
Beneath the sod where sleeps his early love?
Rouse, brothers, rouse! shake off your lethargy;
Unite, be firm, for home and liberty!
Yes, ye have homes to fight for,—household gods—
Partakers, too, of all your hopes and fears; but
Nought has Bolivar in common with you,
Save hatred of tyranny, and deep love
Of country and humanity. Doubt ye?
Waver ye yet?
Can ye be so heartless,
So dead to claims that should arouse the brave?
Shame on you, then, for I am Bolivar,
Whose hopes, for your emancipation,
Thus perish, like the rest that he has cherish'd.
None answer'd this appeal; with downcast looks,
That spoke the wish for change, but not the high,
And daring purpose that ensures success,
Th' averted gaze was rivetted to earth,
Ashamed of its own unsteadiness,
That plainly spoke the vacillating mind.

Ye might have heard the rustling of a leaf,
Stirred by the lightest summer zephyr,
Within that hall, where deepest feelings strove
For mastery.
Suddenly, noiselessly,
The drapery was thrown aside, that hid
The curtain'd entrance.
A form appear'd,
So matchless, in all attributes of grace,
And loveliness, that the conspirators,
Whose hands instinctively had sought their dirks,
Drew back in admiration.
Scarcely
Had fifteen summers lent the maid their bloom,
And childhood, with its brightly gay contentment,
Had not quite ceded to youth's dreams of hope;
Flush'd was her cheek, and buoyant was her step;
Her voice, albeit, used to falter at
The sound of its own sweetness, now was firm,
Or, if it trembled, 'twas with indignation.
"Shame on you, chiefs," she said, "is this the zeal
And patriotic virtue ye display?
Is this your love of liberty and home?
Here, then, a simple girl will go before,

And show you all what patriots should do !"
Advancing to the centre of the group,
She threw the ringlets from her burning brow,
And, kneeling at the feet of Bolivar,
Thus spoke aloud, 'midst the admiring throng.
"Record my vow, brave chief! bear witnes, friends !
I thus devote myself, and all my hopes,
My thoughts and actions, to my country's good.
I will not waver in this holy cause,
Nor let the timid fancies of my sex,
Or aught that may be deemed repugnant,
Or contrary to custom, weigh with me ;
Not death itself shall turn my purpose.
Henceforth I live but for my native land !"
She rose, and one loud burst of acclamation
Greeted the heroine. Triumphant
Was the flag of liberty. All joined the cause,
For which La Pola did not plead in vain.

MIRIAM'S ADDRESS TO MOSES.

When, to punish her refractory spirit, she was seized with leprosy.

Brother, bethink thee; for there was a time
When I did cradle thee within these arms,
Pillow thee on this bosom, with these lips,
So loathed now, did kiss thine infant cry
From thy dear mouth, that no strange listener,
O'erhearing, might betray the precious life,
So anxiously, for months, preserv'd.
I'm the same Miriam, brother, that did plead

Unto king Pharaoh's daughter, whose tale
Beguil'd the royal maiden of her tears,
And she, in holy pity, smil'd on thee,
And bade me seek a fitting Hebrew nurse.
Moses! brother! thou from fierce Nilus sav'd,
I am, though chang'd, how chang'd time, unsparing time
Alone can tell, that Miriam still, who
Sought thy mother and mine, that she might claim
The treasur'd charge with heartfelt thankfulness.
Then plead for me, as I have done for thee!
Clear me from this fell plague-spot by thy pray'rs.
In dust and ashes, I do own my sin,
To Him whose name we may not even speak!
With thee thy sister pleads, thy childhood's nurse,
Thy playfellow, thy once-lov'd Miriam;
A loathsome outcast, turn not thou away!
I did not turn from thee in hour of need.
Ah! brother, dost thou weep, and weep for me;
Stern ruler of a stiffneck'd, stubborn race?
Balm are those tears, remedial-gifted,
The precious drops that still attest thy love.

NOTHING.

" Quand on eût bien considéré
L'intérêt du public, celui de la patrie
Le résultat enfin de la suprême cour
Fut, de condamner la Folie
A servir de guide a l'Amour."

LA FONTAINE.

COME! come, granted; so far the road is barren and sandy, but proceed till we reach the green knoll that invites us so eloquently to its delightful freshness, and the shade its clustering trees afford. The arid plain is passed. How the murmuring rill cools the air, and, as it fills the basin it has hollowed for itself, reflects, in its silvery expanse, the clear blue sky. Hark! the warbling thrush, the tuneful linnet, and song-loving lark join in hymning the beauteous

creation they enjoy! See, the smoke, in graceful circles rising, tells of some rural residence. Another turn in the path, and lo! it stands before us. Who dreamt of this oasis? The house,—it will barely admit of the term, and strictly speaking we must say, the cottage,—is not large, but it is not inconveniently small, and the trees that surround it form a delightful screen, whilst they are sufficiently distant from it neither to cause damp nor darkness,—two evils especially to be eschewed when we would combine the "sound mind with the sound body." The garden! oh! what a cheerful yet dreamy spot; the flowers exhaling sweets to tempt the humming bees that now flit in mazy circles through the balmy air, now, rocked within the chalice of the flower, collect the golden treasure, and anon, in busy thrift, deposit it within the hives that are ranged trimly and neatly beneath the bending pear-tree. One peep into the cottage. The small square entrance, with its pretty figures, in keeping with its size, placed in their niches. Ceres, ere Proserpine was stolen; Apollo bestowing light, and having all the healing art at hand; Dian, in huntress guise; the sculptured urn that occupies the centre. Cases of birds—some from our own climes, others, whose beautiful colours proclaimed them from the tropics—are ranged on one side; on the other, Neptune's kingdom has been laid

under contribution, and shells in beautiful diversity attract the eye; and, again, plants, foreign and native, claim attention, whilst coral, petrified specimens, and various spars, are placed in clusters. The room to the right opens into a greenhouse filled with shrubs and flowers, choice on account of their delicious fragrance, but not boasting either the fashion of the season, or the expensive value of the rare bulb so dear to Dutch fancy. A piano, guitar, and music-stand told something of the prevailing taste.

The pictures with which the room was decorated gave further insight into the characters of their possessors. The Holy Family, a beautiful Madonna, the Last Supper, the Gracchi, Cincinnatus chosen Dictator, the ostracism of Aristides, Epaminondas elected as scavenger, Hermann after the defeat of Varus, Faust and his companions printing. Bookcases, well-stored and conveniently arranged, withdrew the eyes even from these subjects of interest, to present their own pictures to the mind.

The interstices contained pier glasses, resting on marble slabs, supporting urns and vases stored with scents and aromatic compounds.

The sofas and chairs bespoke both comfort and elegance. Seated on an ottoman was a young mother giving a lesson to her boy. She was beautiful, and the cherub beside her

might well engage a mother's love, or claim her pride. Her mode of tuition was novel. From the subject before her, she was describing the engagement of Faust, the persecutions he was subjected to in consequence, and the blessings which the promulgation of his art diffused.

"My dearest mother," said the boy, "what is superstition?"

"A monster, my boy, with as many heads as the hydra we were talking of yesterday."

"But," said the child, "not fabulous as the hydra; at least you said there were no real hydras, mamma. What is superstition like?"

"Like, my child? it puts on various disguises which can scarcely be penetrated. Sometimes it comes at timid, stealthy pace, veiled in the robe of charity; at others, fierce and threatening, assumes the garb of zeal; again, it mingles with the family circle; and now thunders from the pulpit."

"Still, mamma, I should not know it, from what you say."

"My dear boy, you would but be like many older and wiser men. But mark what I tell you. When you hear the opinions of other men, and they do not coincide with those you possess, draw no harsh conclusions; but if they

attack what you, from principle, believe, state it firmly, and admit no compromise on your part. Seek no discussions on religion, it is a holy subject; call ever to mind that froth only floats on the top and is easily blown aside. Learn to reverence what is obscure in our faith; remember, finite capacities cannot attain infinite wisdom; and science is making new advances every day, but she has not yet fathomed all the mysteries of this nether world; how, then, can she soar to the heights immortality and ubiquity can alone be supposed to comprehend and survey? Be a friend, in kindness, to all men. Rail not against human passions, but make them subservient to the high purposes for which they are given,—those of ennobling our nature, and raising us to the sphere we are here intended to fill. Leave not one talent uncultivated that nature has bestowed. Keep a strict account of time, and waste it not; it is lent on interest, and wo to those who cannot answer for its expenditure. Be true to thyself. Remember the highest authority gave the command to 'love one another,' as the summary of all religion. We cannot believe that he who uses sectarianism or politics to inflame men's passions, fulfils this command; and, though we may not judge, lest we be judged, yet we may avoid what we disapprove. These, my boy, are my views of religion. My ideas of

superstition are, that it hardens the heart, and contracts the understanding, and is so closely allied to infidelity, that the atheist and unbeliever is most heavily fettered by it. 'Twas superstition that caused the persecution of the holy and spotless Jesus, although it was a tool in an Almighty hand; superstition has shed all the blood spilt in religion's name; and 'tis superstition that still would quench the flame of knowledge which true religion nourishes. Oh! 'tis a hideous imp! and never forget a clause in thy prayers that thou mayst be protected from it."

Such, and I have entered at length into these particulars, were the lessons inculcated by the mistress of the cottage described, and they sank deeply into the heart and mind of her young listener; they were not pursued as I have detailed them, but as opportunity offered, and the frequency of recurrence, added to the affectionate earnestness with which the fond mother impressed them on the docile mind she so carefully trained, caused them at length to dwell in his remembrance, as part and parcel of his recollection, and as ideas that seemed so natural, that he knew not when they had occurred to him, or that such thoughts were the inculcations of another. Bodily exercise was not forgotten; and, as the boy grew older, his frame became wiry, and he was possessed of that hardy strength that was not

so much indicated in his appearance, as evident in his indifference to fatigue, particularly in mental exertion. There was an eloquence in his ideas that arose from the classical allusions his mother so often, and so appropriately, introduced.

Some of the ancients,—the Athenians, I believe,—considered eloquence to be best acquired from women.

The logical discussions with his father required his full attention, and he was no mean logician at an early age. As a mathematician, and as a linguist, he excelled.

Thus years passed at the cottage, till Moritz was sixteen, when it was considered time for him to enter on the life of a student. He went to Leipzig; and the novelty of the life he led, the attractions of the society he was introduced to, and the learning he met with, formed a charm from which he dated a new epoch of existence. The student's life was not without its attractions; the companionship, with its initiation, and the brotherhood to which he was pledged, the wit and joviality of their meetings, were all calculated to maintain a hold on the ardent temper of a youth of sixteen: on the other hand, the occasional coarseness of their jests, their quarrelsome attacks on those who had not proved their prowess, and their practical jokes, elicited a degree of disgust that withheld him from ever becoming a participator

in their orgies. A dignified composure, and calm perseverance in his own plan of proceeding, bespoke him so impervious to the attacks levelled against him, that he soon found himself at liberty to join their pleasures, whilst he avoided their excesses.

Moritz Sinnreich made rapid advances, and very soon ensured himself not only the respect of his fellow-students but of all the professors, and he was admitted as a welcome guest, instead of being shunned, as most of the other students are, in family circles. He soon derived advantages from his position. Although much younger than most of the students, he had gained an influence amongst them that rendered his decisions of no little consequence. Between them and the professors, his known rectitude and placability rendered him a successful mediator; and his intercourse with some of the pleasantest and most accomplished families in the neighbourhood preserved him from that rust of demeanour, that so frequently adheres, through life, to a German man of letters.

Popular as Moritz was, there was one who, unlike all others, met him in no kindly spirit; this was Goetz von Qualen. Goetz had been educated on his ancestral estates, and, unlike Moritz, had derived few ideas from the cultivated taste of female refinement. Allowed to run wild

till it was time to place him in the hands of a tutor, the only attention the busy housewifery of Frau von Qualen permitted, was to see him duly washed, combed, fed, and impressed with a full idea of the family importance and dignity of the ancient and empty-headed Von Qualens.

Goetz, by dint of perseverance in the precepts this aristocratic lady gave him as a rule of conduct, became as overbearingly impertinent as the greatest stickler for patrician impudence could exact, and came, brimful of the currant qualities such a character ever possesses, to finish a nominal course of study at the university. It was not long before he and Moritz came in collision.

A commerz was held incomplete without our hero could be there, and an inauguration would almost have been deemed invalid without his presence; but he always withdrew before the riotous part of the entertainment began. It was on such an occasion that Goetz, who was early in the evening under the dominion of certain potations, in which he freely indulged, commenced an attack on Moritz, who parried it with considerable spirit, and perfect good humour: but his antagonist did not allow it to rest there; he proceeded to vituperate, and at length attacked the character of Moritz' father, whom he designated a pilfering miller. Moritz was fast losing temper, but reminded his

opponent that, although at liberty to use what language he might consider proper of himself, he should not permit the name of his parent to be used irreverently.

"Then prevent it," shouted Goetz; "again I repeat, that thy father is a pilfering miller, thy mother an ignorant peasant, and thou a base-born hind."

Moritz rose from the table, but was instantly surrounded by his friends, who endeavoured to accommodate matters, and to prevail on him to stay; whilst others essayed to remove Goetz, who, however, in a moment reached Moritz, and dealt him such a blow that his eyes flashed fire. All voices were now raised in clamour, and a general demand for an immediate settlement of the affair ensued.

"Silence," said Moritz, "silence, friends; you do not doubt me! the challenge should come from me; but I give it not; I reserve my display of courage for the time when some call of duty shall demand it. Do not mistake me," he pursued, as he heard the muttered denunciation no one would openly express, and saw many of the surrounding countenances turned coldly from him, "do not brand me with the name of coward, because I own that I dare not challange that unmanly brawler. Believe me, 'tis not the base fear that you would give me credit for; I dare not so wantonly provoke Almighty wrath as to offer to deface

His image, which would alike occur, whichever of the two should fall; I dare not, by pernicious example, tempt others to set the laws of God and man at defiance; I dare not sport with the life Providence bestowed, and has alone a right to resume; but I dare to maintain the principles I espouse, and, if I have been misunderstood, I dare patiently await an opportunity of righting myself."

Moritz quitted the room as he spoke; and from that moment there were two parties formed,—one clinging to Goetz, and taking every opportunity to annoy the adherents of Moritz,—the other ranging under the conduct of Sinnreich, and emulating his example as much as possible. Goetz reckoned amongst his followers the reckless, the licentious, and most of the young nobles; many of them possessing talents of no mean order, and unbounded ambition to be considered the most ridiculously mischievous and riotous companions that ever his Majesty's lieges need dread encountering. Moritz classed under his banner the studious and thoughtful, but, at the same time, the poorer and drudging part of the fraternity,—those whose own labours purchased their instruction, and who gladly availed themselves of the Freytisch to assist their straitened circumstances.

The former party spent the time in revels of the true

Burschen kind; the latter entered more into the pursuits that a student should be supposed to engage in. Every fine evening, after attending the classes, they adjourned to a garden, where the subjects of the class-room were again discussed in all their bearings; and when the weather was adverse, a room was appropriated to this purpose, for which a small weekly sum was defrayed, raised by contribution amongst its frequenters. This meeting over, they had boats engaged, and rowing matches ensued, limited however to the space of an hour; or gymnastic practice occupied the time, diversified by fencing, and shooting at a mark, in all which exercises they excelled.

Ten was the hour to separate, and they then repaired to the solitude of their own rooms, where each again worked out the studies they had pursued together: the early part of the morning each considered allotted to himself, and no one then intruded; but, when the classes assembled, they were ever punctually there, and they soon attracted the attention of the different masters.

Once, when Moritz and his friends were thus enjoying the delightful summer evening, a boat sped past, which, by the boisterous mirth and the signal cry, our party in the garden soon knew to be manned by Goetz and his companions: they came nearer, and the friends found that they

were not mistaken; they thought no more of it, but shortly after entering their boats, rowed merrily down the stream; as they proceeded, the different favourite songs of the fraternity sounded on the breeze, and the party plied their oars in measured regularity. Presently the stillness was broken by the approach of another boat, and directly after by the chorus of a well-known Bacchanalian song:

"Edite bibite colegeales
Post multa secula pocula nulla."

As the roar, for it was such, died away, the boat came in view, and the party that occupied it raised a yell of scorn and defiance, at the same time, pulling rapidly, they threw themselves across the bows of the small craft. Moritz, who was at the helm, observed the movement, and, by an unexpected manœuvre, disappointed the intention. Goetz, who was half inebriated, suddenly made a push at Sinnreich with his oar, lost his equilibrium, and was the next moment immersed in the waters of the Pleysse. He was no swimmer; the moment was critical; he rose to the surface: the floating mass appeared again a second time, at a greater distance, and the young students beheld the distorted face of the drowner.

No time had been lost; Moritz had so steered as to reach a point below the spot where the body was likely to re-

appear. With lightning quickness, whilst all the rest were enchained by their alarm, he plunged into the water, and, cautiously approaching the victim of malevolence, waited till he was nearly exhausted, then, seizing him firmly, bore him to the shore.

By this time the boats had pulled in; Goetz was insensible, and Moritz, overcome by the reaction which ensued, was perfectly exhausted. Every remedy was promptly applied, and Goetz was soon pronounced out of danger. A short interval served to restore Moritz.

The affair was bruited about, and Goetz received an intimation from a friendly hand, that it would be better to withdraw of his own accord, instead of waiting to be expelled by the college authorities. The hint was not to be neglected; and another month found Von Qualen lording it on his own domain, and regarding his commission with some complacence. His promotion was rapid; for he had family influence and riches to back him; and the young lordling, in his new uniform, cut a dash on parade, and was a perfect Adonis in the ballroom, to say nothing of his abilities in taking a bet, (in this respect his calculations always surpassed those of Moritz,) the exquisite dandyism of his arrangements, in every respect, and his utter contempt of veteran officers, who were so vulgar as to be

useful, and who were obliged to submit to the ordinary accommodations of the messroom.

My story must be dated before the reform in the Prussian service.

No one could display the beautiful Arabians, and the English-built carriage, better than the handsome, the all-admired, and self-admiring Von Qualen.

Moritz meanwhile pursued his course steadily, and left the university with a character of the most exalted kind, admired for his learning, honoured for his rectitude, and beloved for his amiable qualities. Although not very wealthy, he was possessed of a comfortable competence, and he preferred travel to immediately settling.

On his return, having visited most parts of Europe that would interest him, or add to his mental acquisitions, he wished to enter upon the course of his duties.

Herr von Qualen had by this time progressed from the ensign, who bore the colours for a month, exchanging them for the gaiters of the lieutenant and captain nearly as rapidly, until he had cast the boots of the major for those of lieutenant-colonel, which, still pinching, had been exchanged for those of a colonel, in which capacity he figured away, the despot of the unfortunate men under his command.

A college friend gave Moritz this information: he had never met Goetz since the water scene.

A near relative of Von Qualen at that time swayed the Prussian cabinet; without being aware of this circumstance, Moritz addressed him, stating his wish to be usefully and permanently settled, at the same time naming his credentials from the university. Having so far consulted interest, our hero considered himself at liberty to devote some time to amusement.

One evening he had strayed into the Thiergarten, and was quietly reclining on one of the benches, without any definite subject for thought to rest upon, when his attention became by degrees engaged in the conversation of two persons who were promenading close to him, but who now remained stationary in his vicinity.

"I will ruin him," said the first speaker, whose voice he instantly recognized for that of Von Qualen; "it shall cost him his commission!"

"But, my Lord," said the other speaker, who had always been Von Qualen's intimate associate, "be careful; you press your enmity too openly, too publicly, and you know that it would not be the first time that you would have prepared mortification for yourself instead of the person you intended."

"Ay! well reminded; you mean Moritz Sinnreich. I was with my cousin to-day, when his application for an appointment arrived; but it shall go hard, if I do not disappoint his endeavours, and bring Master S. to a lower key. Besides, I have proclaimed him a mean shuffling coward; and although this may touch him but little in his clerical character, yet it will, if I mistake not strangely, do him little good with fair Minna Frommkind."

Why did the listener start? It was a severe trial thus to have his motives decried, his character misrepresented, by an insidious enemy; but Moritz was proof against the world's contumely, not that he had learned to hold its opinion cheap, but he had a buckler that warded off its attack,—the steady, unwavering approval of principle.

I will tell thee the secret, gentle reader; it was, that in Minna Frommkind centred his dearest hopes.

Minna had been introduced to Moritz when strolling leisurely along the banks of the Pleisse; she had stopped to admire the superior management of his boat; her father, a professor at the university, had not failed to introduce his favourite to the child he was so proud of. Minna was highly gifted, but as reserved as gifted, and, beneath an appearance of indifference, if not coldness, possessed a most affectionate temper, devotedly attached to the few she really loved;

her home circle was all in all to her; strangers were seldom favourably impressed by the quiet demeanour that owned little to preposses them; but when some topic of interest elicited either approval or censure, she was all animation. Her clear insight into any subject rendered her almost intuitively mistress of any point of discussion. The superiority of Moritz was easily acknowledged by such a temper; his character, his firmness, exactly coincided with the image of manly virtue fancy had portrayed, tempered withal by those Christian attributes, that, instead of deteriorating from, add strength to these qualifications, so that he soon became the beau-ideal of perfection. Proud of his stirling abilities, she cared little for any display, but contemplated, with a feeling almost of reverence, the lofty comprehensiveness of his soaring intellect; and though she deemed herself immeasurably beneath him in mental endowments, still she pursued a steady course of improvement, not in hopes of competing with him, but of being a companion whose inferiority should not chase him from her.

Such, though vaguely formed, were Minna's hopes, wishes, and thoughts; she would not have confessed them, scarcely understood them herself, and would have deemed the possession of his affection too happy a lot for her had that alternative been offered for her consideration. But to

aspire to his friendship raised her in her own esteem; to find that Moritz listened to her suggestions, frequently acted on her advice, entered without reserve into his future plans and present purposes, convinced her that he, at all events, comprehended her, and considered her capable of the lofty and ennobling sentiments of disinterested friendship. This was enough for her: there were times when she would picture a home, in which she, as the presiding power, would dispense happiness around; but the dream would vanish: there was only one with whom she could wish to share it, and the rest, those who were likely to offer to share their lot with her, were beyond the pale of her heart's home. She had heard of a dreary perspective of after years, when she must sink into the insignificance ordained for single women; but Minna possessed a panoply in the scorn of all consequence excepting that of intellect and virtue; and, although she ever treated the less gifted with considerable forbearance, never made her own superiority manifest, in fact scarcely admitted it to herself, yet she could enter into no close companionship with them.

Although these sentiments are here so fully explained, remember Minna herself did not understand them, at least had not sufficiently deciphered them; and Moritz knew nothing further than that she treated him with unvaried

kindness; that he valued her opinion above that of every other woman excepting his mother; that her frank cordiality had to him an inexpressible charm, that he could never comprehend how any one could fancy her an indifferent, much less a cold character; and that to be lowered in her esteem was by far the most painful circumstance that could occur to him.

Before he could recover his composure, or decide on what plan it would be best to pursue, the speakers had moved on.

The day after this occurrence, Moritz had received a letter stating the illness of his mother, and the hour after found him travelling post towards the frontiers of Bohemia. On his arrival he found her better than he expected; and after remaining a short time, to assure himself of the fact, he returned, determined so to manage the forest, as to thread its intricacies by daylight, and seek the shelter of the woodman's hut at night, which would rather defer his arrival in Berlin, but allow him the pleasure of progressing as might best suit his erratic humour.

With staff in hand, he set out on the pilgrimage that would appear so formidable an undertaking to some of our divines in embryo.

The first day passed pleasantly, and in the evening he

entered a cot to solicit hospitality: this was easily obtained; perhaps the chinking of a well-filled purse might accelerate the plenishing of the board.

The *expectation* of cash is a great promoter of alacrity; that is the reason why practised men of the world always hold forth promises, without giving themselves the trouble of redeeming them.

Early the next morning he pursued his way, and at night sought shelter in another cot, the owner of which was a huntsman; after some preliminary conversation, he informed Moritz that several gentlemen intended hunting the wild boar on the morrow.

This was one of the sports in which Moritz not only took a particular interest, but in which he particularly excelled; so he determined to give one day to the pastime, either as a looker on or agent in it, as circumstances should determine.

By daybreak, the ensuing morning, the forest rang with the echo of horns, the bay of hounds, and the cries of the huntsmen. Moritz needed no further incitement, but found himself in a few minutes in the midst of the throng, saw the monster roused from its lair, and observed the dash onwards to overtake it.

"It speeds round the brook, and will take to the cave,"

said his host, into whose favour he had considerably ingratiated himself; "if you heed not a sharp run and a leap of some peril, we could be beforehand with them all."

"Then let us on," said Moritz; and away they went, now scrambling through the brushwood, now breaking the screen of underwood in their passage.

At length they reached the spot the huntsman had spoken of; it was a shelving rock, descending perpendicularly; beneath was a brawling torrent, beating its way betwixt the rocks, and roaring in triumph as it forced its exit.

Moritz did not stop to take notice of all this, but with one bound stood on the opposite side. He had only the boar-spear and small short hunting-knife, which his host had lent him.

He had scarcely gained a footing, and the huntsman had not succeeded in joining him, when the furious beast approached at the top of its speed, tearing up the earth with its tusks.

A horseman had outstripped the rest, and seemed determined on the animal's destruction. Moritz thought that he must act on the defensive, but he was deceived; just as the beast gained the ascent, it turned, setting its pursuer at bay; another instant, and the gored horse

reared, plunged, and threw its rider; the boar waited not, but, giving its head a sideways toss, prepared to bury its immense tusk in the body of its opponent; but Moritz sprang forward, gave one thrust with the boar-spear that laid the huge brute at his mercy, and completed his victory by dexterously employing the knife; then looking up, for the first time during his dangerous engagements, beheld Von Qualen.

All this had merely been the work of two or three minutes; but the rest of the hunters had meanwhile arrived, and were congratulating Moritz on the victory achieved, and felicitating him on the intrepidity with which he had rescued Von Qualen, and extricated himself; all but Von Qualen's self, whose eyes, glaring hatred, remained fixed in astonishment and mortification on his deliverer. At length, without deigning one word of recognition or thanks, he turned on his heel and walked away.

"Shame on him!" said the high-spirited Conrad von Geradespruch, who was a captain in Von Qualen's regiment, and one of those whom Frederick reckoned amongst his best and most efficient officers, "shame on him! he at least might have thanked you for the preservation of a

life that no one else could consider worth the trouble you have taken. Give me your hand, Sir, and let me know your name."

Moritz explained.

"Moritz Sinnreich!" said the other; "why then you are the student that saved him from drowning at Leipzig! You have twice saved his life,—to-day, by an act of heroism,—yet he stigmatizes you a coward."

There was a red spot on the brow of Moritz.

"But I have heard more of you than you are aware of," Von Geradespruch continued, "and, after the scene to-day, will make any one eat his words that throws a stigma on your name. Though I cannot adopt your notions, nor admit your motives for myself, yet I honour both, Sir, and, if you will join me, shall be proud of such a guest."

Moritz accepted the invitation; a follower of Von Geradespruch was dismounted, and the horse offered for our hero's accommodation.

On the way, his new friend informed him that a ball was to be given the next evening, to be followed by a private concert, adding, that he had a card at the disposal of Moritz, and that he should feel proud to introduce him to some of the ladies there.

"I suppose you must not dance," he pursued; "for, as friend Luther was rather bulky, we may conclude that he found this exercise too laborious, and so struck it out of the list of admissibles; but the sweet sounds of music may be indulged in without any real corporeal exertion, unless you will take a part in the performance, and I hear that you are no contemptible amateur."

Moritz laughed.

On their arrival in Berlin, Moritz found his new friend determined on introducing him to the other officers; "besides," he added, "our Colonel owes you some slight debt of gratitude, and although we may not be impressed with your having conferred a great benefit by saving our head, yet we must, for the honour of the regiment, act as though we were prodigiously obliged."

"Excuse me," said Moritz; "when I meet Von Qualen, on what I consider neutral ground, I care not; but it would seem seeking him to enter a room where he is so expressly expected, and almost as master of the ceremonies."

Von Geradespruch understood the feelings of his friend too well to insist; and they separated, with an understanding that he should join him, and they would proceed to the ball together.

Dinner proceeded as usual: no mention was made by Von Qualen of the narrow escape of the day before; but when the dessert was introduced Conrad rose.

"Gentlemen," he began, (all eyes were turned towards the speaker,) "allow me to apologize for my unusual mode of proceeding; to our Colonel, Herr von Qualen, I need merely plead my appreciation of the feelings that prevent him addressing you on the subject I now introduce. I am about to propose the adoption of a British custom of signifying respect for the absent, and request that you will pledge me in a bumper, to the health and prosperity of the undaunted and intrepid preserver of our Colonel's life, Moritz Sinnreich."

All raised their glasses excepting Von Qualen.

The toast was drank with enthusiasm; most imagined that it must be agreeable to Von Qualen.

When the noise this incident had occasioned had somewhat subsided, Von Qualen addressed himself to Von Geradespruch.

"It is not the first time, Sir," he said, with a theatrical flourish intended to be dignified," "it is not the first time, Sir, that you have overstepped the rules, and acted out of place; and, when you propose a health like the one you

have just had the audacity to introduce, it would seem that you would impose the coarse green glass of Bohemia for the famed crystal of Venice; the one concealing the noxious potion, the other shivered by the mere contact of the deleterious draught."

"Hear! hear him!" resounded from some mischievous spirits, who enjoyed the ludicrous display.

"It is not the first time, Sir," Von Qualen continued, "that you have been guilty of vulgarisms, that declare you fit only for the active duty of the camp, and that, without any regard to delicacy, you express sentiments suited merely to the field of battle. Beware, Sir, of such another breach of *discipline;* you will not find me inclined to be so lenient a second time!"

Rising amidst a deafening clamour and uproar, the Colonel withdrew, and Von Geradespruch indulged in a long and somewhat indecorous laugh, considering the gentlemanly manner in which he had just been rebuked for his soldiery propensities, when, suddenly pausing, he remarked, "This would indeed be laughable, if it did not bear a most serious interpretation. Here is this raw and butterfly Colonel, whose unfleshed sword dangles a reproach to his rank, treading on the necks of those who have seen service,

and not even the poor satisfaction of being shot at allowed, because subordination forbids the challenge."

Von Geradespruch joined Moritz, and together they sauntered into the ballroom.

Several couples were waltzing, and others stood ready to join. One of the ladies, who was standing up, instantly attracted the attention of Moritz. She was a blonde; her hair descended, in rich clustering curls, to her waist. She was rather tall, but so slight as to leave the beholder undecided whether to consider her so; her movements were gracefully easy, and her face such as we may fancy that of Titania when Oberon had gratified some wayward whim,—all sunshine and smiles, with a slight expression of triumphant gratification; but this passed away as Von Geradespruch, with a polite, but very slight move of recognition, passed on.

"Who is that beautiful creature?" said Moritz.

"Is she not splendid?" asked Conrad.

"Perfectly lovely," was the answer; "but who is she?"

"One for whom I would resign every other blessing; but she is too fickle: I shall never gain her; she seeks admiration too generally, and is too generally admired to care for the honest love of a poor captain, with very little

besides his pay to depend on. Her name is Bertha von Ruhmgier."

Just then the eye of Moritz rested on Minna Fromm-kind, but she did not see him; and, with deep disappointment lurking at his heart, and overshadowing his brow, he withdrew to a recess, to deliberate whether to go forward and address her, and thus ascertain what effect the slur on his courage had produced, or to await an opportunity when they would not be so surrounded by witnesses: whilst he deliberated, the moment for addressing her was lost; she was surrounded by a party of young ladies and gentlemen, and he himself was prevented moving by a couple that were just resting from the waltz. They were Von Qualen and Bertha von Ruhmgier.

"Then your lady mother intends being present at the ball you propose," said Bertha.

"Yes," said Von Qualen. "So you see, beautiful Bertha, you need not fear any impropriety; besides, what would I not do to ensure your attendance."

Bertha laughed.

"Have you invited the officers of your regiment? I hear you have."

"Be under no apprehension, beautiful Fräulein; I will be very select in my arrangements."

"Oh! no doubt; I thought I saw Captain von Geradespruch here in the room a short time since."

"I have taken care that he is not amongst the invited guests."

"May I ask your reason?"

"I will have no one there whom any lady need blush to acknowledge afterwards, or who is not sufficiently nice in his associates to ensure my visitors from unpleasant intrusion.

Just then another couple stood beside the Colonel and Bertha.

"Are you rested?" and again Bertha was flying through the mazes of the waltz.

Moritz sauntered on and entered the music-room. It was nearly empty, and he threw himself into a seat.

"Minna never plays before so many, and I cannot prevail on her," said an elderly lady; "but Fräulein Bertha plays and sings exquisitely; we shall have quite a treat."

In a few minutes the beautiful creature entered the room, surrounded by a host of admirers, foremost of which was Von Qualen.

She was dispensing smiles around, but none of them bore the same stamp of genuineness that he had observed

in the one passing look she had cast on Von Geradespruch. Moritz noted this well.

Led, almost in triumphant procession, to the piano, she went through a brilliant fantasia, and looked around for the applause her performance so justly merited: had she not deserved it, who would have withheld approbation when solicited by the half-assured, half-entreating glance of Bertha's deeply-fringed blue eye? Yet there was one, who, with folded arms, stood a little apart from the group of admirers, who neither courted her observation nor withdrew himself from it, whose look bespoke no approval; this was Conrad von Geradespruch. As her eye rested for one moment on him, the colour deepened on her cheek, and crimsoned her brow; but she bent over the music, and selected a song. She ran through a rapid prelude, struck one or two chords, and then, when all was hushed, not even a whisper breaking the silence of expectation, the silvery sweetness of her voice rose on the ear, like the song of the Syrens, so dreamy, spiritlike, and so absorbing.

Those intimately acquainted with her, might, at first, perceive a slight tremor, but she soon conquered the feeling, and at length concluded amidst the reiterated plaudits of an admiring group.

Again her eye rested on Conrad, who had not changed

his position, and who still surveyed her with a cold and measured look of disapproval. Again she blushed: the look was observed by Von Qualen, who led her from the piano, and, having obtained her some refreshment, walked towards the spot Von Geradespruch occupied.

"A word with you, Captain von Geradespruch," he began.

Conrad bowed, and joined him.

"Your conduct has been very annoying to a lady this evening, and I would suggest the propriety of your quitting the house ——"

"Insolent!"

"How dare you treat me thus, Sir?"

"What right have you to interfere with my private amusements?"

"Let me ask you, Sir, the meaning of this contumacious behaviour? Do you know your place to a superior officer?"

"Do you know yours as a man?"

"Nay, Sir, it is nonsense to trifle further; render up your sword, and consider yourself a prisoner."

In a few minutes Von Geradespruch found himself accosted, his sword demanded, and shortly after he was pacing his own apartment which had been named as his place of durance.

And how was Moritz progressing?

In that assembly Minna shone not: there it was not her wish to shine; grouped with the other young ladies, she bore her part in the passing scene, and listened to the splendid performance of Bertha; she sat undistinguished from the crowd; in fact there were many present, who were infinitely her inferiors, that claimed precedence, in point of attraction, in the motley assembly for which she was so little fitted, and which she so little prized. Besides, there was a cold, dead weight at Minna's heart. Why had Moritz been so long in the same room with her, yet never approached? She had marked his admiring glance at the beautiful Bertha; she had intuitively comprehended his question, and a feeling of intense anguish responded to the exclamation "perfectly lovely."

Minna turned to the window, and gazed on the beautiful night as if wrapt in admiration; but she knew nothing of the scene without, had almost forgotten the one within, when a whisper recalled her to realities.

"Minna, Miss Frommkind," said Moritz, "do you credit the reports that have been circulated so much to my disadvantage?"

She turned, with a frank and cordial smile.

"Are you then in the habit of condemning your friends unheard, Mr. Sinnreich, or do you choose them so care-

lessly as not to be able to rely on them, even though the world may ascribe its own sentiments to them? Fie, Mr. Sinnreich! learn to do more justice to your own discrimination of character: I am too proud of my knowledge of the world to let every idle report bias me. But come," she added, "and clear yourself; let me know all about this affair: so far I have merely been able to repel charges on the conviction that they were unfounded; but in future I shall be able to turn them on your accusers, who will not, or I am greatly deceived, find it so easy to refute them."

Moritz did clear himself.

Minna almost idolized the moral courage that could raise him so far above the general standard, who mistake animal spirits for a higher gratification.

The evening passed rapidly. Moritz offered to escort her home, and his offer was accepted; he sought Von Geradespruch to inform him of his departure, but could, of course, not find him. Whilst engaged in his fruitless search, he saw Bertha seated on a sofa, listlessly allowing herself to be talked to; she could not be said to be listening. The brilliancy of her eye was gone, her colour faded, and she looked fatigued and annoyed.

The next day Moritz recommenced his suit with alacrity; but when he waited on the minister, was desired to call

again. He remembered the conversation he had overheard in the Thiergarten, and resolved not to be foiled.

The next step was to call on Von Geradespruch, and explain his departure from the ball.

After some preliminary and explanatory conversation, Moritz informed the Captain of the conversation to which he had so unexpectedly been made a third.

Von Geradespruch listened attentively.

"'Tis me he means; 'tis to cost me my commission! There is but one way left for either you or me; we must appeal to Father Fritz. He is not the best friend to your cloth, Moritz; in that I stand a better chance; but he will protect merit, especially if it have the wit to recommend itself to his humour."

Whilst Moritz and Conrad were thus conversing, Bertha was busy tending the plants, in which she took considerable pride, but the interest they generally called forth was not perceptible; she went through her task, mechanically, fed her canary, arranged her books and needlework, opened her piano, and finally, having completed these preliminaries, threw herself into a chair, covered her face with her hands, and wept bitterly. "I have lost him," she exclaimed; "the scorn he showed last night proves it. He will never love

me more? I have thrown the noblest, kindest heart from me that ever woman possessed."

A knock for admittance recalled her to herself. It was Von Qualen.

"Good morning, Fräulein von Ruhmgier; excuse my early intrusion, and pray attribute it to the right cause,—the magnet whose power of attraction comprises so large a circle of influence."

Poor Bertha endeavoured to rally, tried to meet the studied compliment with satire, but, failing in the attempt, relapsed into silence, which, being favourably construed by the gallant Colonel, hurried on a declaration that he had fully intended postponing to some future day; at the same time, he informed her, as a gratifying piece of intelligence, that Von Geradespruch was under arrest, and would certainly be compelled to resign his commission.

"But," she asked, "how can you force him to do so, if you have no particular complaint against him?"

"But I have a particular complaint against him: what charge is so easy to substantiate as contempt of a superior officer? Besides, I shall be able to mortify him on another point. He has taken it into his wise head to form acquaintance with, and support by his mighty influence, a

low, cowardly fellow, that dare not defend his own honour; a pleb with all that hideous creature's attributes, such as a stickling for morality, an idea that he individually is of some importance in forming the community, viz., by the effects of his example, and, that he may not only have an opinion of his own, but act on it. This fellow has, by his drivelling, contrived to obtain a name at the university, and academic honours: we all know that it is merely *head-work* that is required for these. Now in my opinion, Fräulein, these men of learning strike at the very root of aristocracy. I have heard this very fellow, this Sinnreich, presume to say, that without the aristocracy of mind, he considered birth worse than nothing;—a jewel given in pledge, to be redeemed by excellence. If notions like these take root, what will become of our ancient families, unless they adopt them? But to return to my subject; this Sinnreich has applied to my cousin for a church: he cares little where, or how arduous the duties may be that he has to perform; that bespeaks his low ideas. I have used my influence, and he will be put off with promises and delays till his rude spirit shall be subdued;—those that can train a falcon will manage to tame a sparrow."

Bertha had been adjusting the rose-coloured ribbon that decorated her guitar; she now run her hand lightly over the strings.

"Pray favour me," exclaimed her admirer.

"Oh!" she replied, "I really have to beg pardon for my inattention; but I was thinking of the beautiful rondoletta you were admiring the other day!"

Von Qualen was gratified.

"Pray go on," she proceeded; "believe me deeply interested. How do you mean to proceed against this obnoxious prisoner?"

"Oh! I shall make short work with him: I am pretty safe, you know, and can easily manage a court-martial, when he will of course be cashiered."

"And," said Bertha, "if by any accident your own conduct should be called into question?"

"Oh! not at all likely; but should it be so, a nominal trial and acquittal would follow."

Bertha again ran her hands across the strings of her guitar; the admired rondoletta followed. Von Qualen kissed her hand, and took his leave, with a determination to make her the happy sharer of his heart and home, if he could only conquer his insuperable objection to the tie matrimony would prove.

"Empty-headed, conceited coxcomb," said Bertha to herself, "and he to lord it over such a man as Von Geradespruch! Now, Conrad, would I give all that I possess to evince my sympathy for thee! Poor fellow! Will my

woman's pride still hold sway, or shall I act the part a better and nobler spirit would point out? But, then, his conduct last night! not one look, not one word! Yet, to see him thus the victim of his own highmindedness! I have it —— Now heaven speed me!"

Plainly clad, without any attendant, Bertha hurried to the palace; the hour for audience was nearly over. A veil concealed her features, as, with trembling hand, she held forth a card to the king; it was almost illegible, so agitated had she been when writing it.

"Bertha von Ruhmgier, the orphan of an old soldier who died in your Majesty's service, requests ten minutes private audience."

Frederick surveyed the figure before him, then quietly turned to the few remaining persons to whom he had not attended; and, having dismissed them, desired Bertha to enter his cabinet, where he could speak to her without interruption.

Bertha obeyed.

"Now Fräulein," said Frederick, "may I ask what has obtained me this honour?" at the same time he handed her to a chair, with all the politeness of a gentleman of the old school.

The agitated girl then threw back her veil, and related what had occurred to Von Geradespruch.

"I cannot interfere if a court-martial is decided on," said the king."

Bertha burst into tears.

"Come," said Frederick, "let me know the true meaning of all this. You have done your duty in reporting the occurrence, if duty only was your aim; but let me be quite at home on the subject. I should not like to act unadvisedly. What deeper interest do you take in Von Geradespruch?"

Bertha's tears were dried.

"What deeper interest is required, Sire, than worth oppressed?"

"Hem!" said Frederick, taking a copious pinch of snuff, and bestowing half on the ruffles of his shirt, "a patriotic lady! It is well that this affair occurs to a man whom nobody cares about; it will form a good precedent for the punishment of independence and principle,—two things especially to be eschewed in the army, as militating against the interest of superior officers; besides, removing men of merit, who are often in the way, and making room for men of family and influence."

"Nay, Sire, if this is your opinion, your subjects will

do well to copy it: they will then all be courtiers; men of family may fill your council and army; but for men of influence —— your Majesty, it strikes me, is bestowing a general passport on them, for which other countries will thank you!"

Frederick bent his eyes on the ground, (had Bertha been able to see them, she would have perceived a look that was not quite inimical to her petition,) tapped his snuff-box, took another pinch of snuff, which he appeared most leisurely to enjoy, and then remarked:

"Hem! Fräulein, I perceive that you have not neglected statistics, and, as you seem to plead policy as a rule of conduct, allow me to remind you to practise the plan you propose to others. At present this subject is but half clear to me; let me know why you act thus, and I may determine how to assist you; for, to speak plainly, you are the person requiring assistance."

Bertha blushed.

"Are you betrothed to Captain von Geradespruch?"

"No, Sire."

"About to be?"

"No, indeed, Sire!"

"But wishful to be?"

The answer was not so immediate as before.

"Use no deception," said Frederick; "remember, it is but by plain dealing that you can effect anything."

Bertha struggled for a moment with her woman's nature, then frankly and freely confided all to the ear of her royal confidant.

It was a strange scene to note that beautiful girl, with her bonnet thrown carelessly beside her, eagerly, yet blushingly relating her acquaintance with Von Geradespruch, her own love of admiration, the coquetry into which it had betrayed her; and her consequent estrangement from her lover, the insults he had received from Von Qualen, and the conspiracy formed against him and Moritz.

"Well done," said Frederick, when she concluded, "bravely and honourably acted; when we can command our feelings as you have done, and conquer repugnance, because duty requires it, we partly ensure success. Your secret shall be safe with me; I will take care that Von Geradespruch be fairly dealt by; but, to provide against contingencies, be careful that no one hears of the step you have taken, and, should anything fresh occur, apply to me; I will give orders for your admission."

It was that dubious part of the same day, when light and darkness mingle in twilight, when Minna Frommkind, seated alone, mused on her hopes, and the prospects of

Moritz. A low tap at the door announced a visitor, and she had scarcely time to utter the words "come in," when a gentleman stood beside her. She ordered lights, and her guest informed her that he would not detain her a moment, merely having called on business.

"I understand, Miss Frommkind," he proceeded, "that you are acquainted with Mr. Sinnreich."

Minna, though surprised, admitted that she was.

"Perhaps, then, you will be able to assist in elucidating some points of consequence. A young lady of considerable attractions has been interesting herself in his behalf, and has carried that interest to the foot of the throne. (Poor Minna! then her forebodings had been correct.) He has most anxiously applied for a church; do you think that he intends marrying?"

Minna felt that she was deadly pale, but her dark eye rested in proud scrutiny on her interrogator.

"This is a subject Mr. Sinnreich has not confided to me, Sir; but had he so far honoured me, I should consider it sacred!"

"Ah! in that case I can only judge from what the other lady has told me. Miss Frommkind, excuse an elderly man, and the father of a long family; but it has been rumoured that you possess great influence with Mr. Sinn-

reich. Now there is an affair about a challenge, that is not told to his credit, and, as his friends suspect that his excuses are mean subterfuges, and that in reality he has been actuated by cowardice, I would request you to prevail on him to alter his determination, and meet Herr von Qualen; he has a very high opinion of your judgment, and will, no doubt, be guided by you."

"You mistake, Sir," said Minna, coldly; "Mr. Sinnreich is not easily influenced, when he has decided on a mode of action that he considers right; least of all would I wish it, though thereby he could ensure this church that he is so anxious about."

"He could ensure it," said her visitor; "I have orders to inform you, that if he will meet Von Qualen, he is to have the church; nay, more, it would secure your happiness, as well as his; for, if he had the church, he would prefer you to any other woman. But how could you marry a coward?"

"I would not attempt it, Sir; for Mr. Sinnreich, I know him to be so courageous a character, that he will adhere to the right path, despite misrepresentations, the suggestions of interest, or popular prejudice."

"I find you do not know me, Madam; I am Frederick of Prussia, and make it my particular request, mind, not

command, that you prevail on Mr. Sinnreich to fight this duel!"

"Sire," said Minna, instantly kneeling, whilst Frederick as immediately raised her, "forgive my presumption in so far debating any point with our great, our beloved monarch; forgive, still more, my venturing to neglect an intimated wish of yours, much more a specified one; but I should indeed be untrue to myself, and a traitress to your Majesty, did I comply. Indeed, compliance were vain; for Sinnreich would not be biassed by my interference, although he might be offended at it."

"Well, Madam, you have given me a lesson; when next we meet, it will not be a request I shall prefer, but a command; meanwhile, allow me to remind you, that no one surmises my visit to you, and it will be consulting the well-doing of this gentleman, about whom you show such praiseworthy anxiety, not to name the subject to him."

With a haughty bend, he quitted the apartment; and Minna was left to the unenviable feeling of prejudicing a cause she would have sacrificed all but her integrity, and that of her lover, to promote.

The next morning, when Frederick entered the audience-chamber, he heard an account of Von Geradespruch's

arrest; at the same time, Sinnreich, (for it was he that related it), appealed to his authority on his own behalf.

He related his unsuccessful application to the ministers, presented his testimonials from the university, and requested his Majesty to command justice to be dealt him.

"But," said Frederick, "what voucher can my minister have that you deserve the appointment you have applied for? I think you do not; and, to assure myself on this point, should like to hear you preach. I will give you the text, and expect you to officiate in my chapel on Sunday next. I am not at leisure now, but will not forget. Tell your friend that I cannot interfere with the court-martial."

This happened on the Thursday.

Moritz sought Von Geradespruch, and related what had occurred; both were dreadfully dispirited.

Whilst they were conversing, a messenger, from Bertha, brought a book that Von Geradespruch had lent her; it was accompanied by a small bouquet of roses, heartsease, and forget-me-not, held together by a sprig of thyme; a small piece of rue was laid beside it.

Von Geradespruch smiled: he had been explaining to Bertha, shortly before, the Persian method of conversing by flowers, and found that she had proved a truly apt

scholar; it was a gleam of sunshine amidst the shadows that enveloped him.

The messenger returned to her with the following note:

"Beloved, though wayward Bertha, under existing circumstances, I have no right to draw on your affection: should I be condemned by a court-martial, I shall be cashiered, and, in that case, bid farewell to Prussia for ever; leaving which will be nothing to relinquishing you.

"CONRAD VON GERADESPRUCH."

In half an hour the messenger returned with an answer; it ran thus:

"Beloved, though saucy Conrad, under existing circumstances, I claim a right to share your fate: should you bid farewell to Prussia, I shall do the same, and thus avoid the pain of relinquishing you, by becoming yours, and no longer

"BERTHA VON RUHMGIER."

On the Friday Moritz again presented himself to receive his text, but again the King disappointed him; and on the Saturday he had to undergo the same mortification.

Saturday evening! the parson's rehearsal! What torments! if he could form any idea, he would fix on a text, and prepare himself on the subject. Alas! the moment he

began to think, the king popped into his head—the king's doubts of his eligibility: he tried again, and found himself involuntarily comparing his royal tormentor to Nebuchadnezzar, and finally sought refuge with Minna, relating to her his perplexity and anxiety.

Minna strove to reassure him; but her own fears were too vivid to allow her to be a very confident comforter.

"Dearest Minna," said Moritz, "should I fail, you know not how wretched I should be! I scarcely knew myself till now; but, as you've listened to my fears, will you extend your sympathy, if I inform you what I had dared to hope? Minna, I dared to raise my thoughts to you, and if I should indeed be so crushed, should all be thus leagued for my destruction, I would the more readily beg you to share my fate, to prove to you how I prize your love and comprehend the disinterested affection that I looked forward to, as the crowning blessing of a fortunate career."

"Thanks, dearest Sinnreich; there are other lands where primitive customs will teach reverence for virtue, and where your own rich endowments shall secure success; and then, when the word father-land shall still cause the heart to beat, we will think of our beloved parents, and you and I will join in a prayer for its well-doing for their sakes!"

It was Sunday morning; the sun had cast his crimson

robe, and darted his bright rays with unveiled brilliance into the chamber where Moritz, with hurried steps, paced to and fro. The church clocks repeated the chime of seven, as if in mockery of his anxiety. He could bear it no longer.

Moritz was not without some little foppery; and he had fully intended that on that eventful morning his appearance should lose nothing for want of attention and study; but how fallacious are human calculations; he hurried over his toilet, and eight o'clock found him measuring steps with the sentinel in the gallery before the royal chapel.

He had prevailed on a page to state his attendance to the king, and the reply he received was, that his majesty had not forgotten him, and would see him previously to entering the chapel.

Poor Moritz! a thousand thoughts were crowding his brain, yet he could not detain one definite one even for a moment.

He had not broken his fast that morning.

He was too generous to seek Von Geradespruch, of whose sympathy he felt assured; he could not bear to add the weight of his own uncertainty to the cares that oppressed him; it was too early to see Minna; besides, her very fortitude was a reproach to his own pusillanimity.

At length the royal chapel was thrown open. Moritz entered. The stillness that generally prevails in a place of worship was broken by the tread of some of the servants, who were giving the last finishing touches of preparation for the reception of mortal guests, whilst they heedlessly passed the altar in busy and bustling pursuit of the occupation in which they were engaged; as they unceremoniously called to each other to convey their directions, the sound startled Moritz, and seemed like a desecration of the holy place.

At length all was in order, and Moritz was left alone. Quiet resumed her sway. Imperceptibly he succumbed to the contemplative influence around. His feelings, which had attained the highest grade of agonized excitement, seemed benumbed; his vivid perception of the momentous crisis in his existence, that was to him a few minutes before so overwhelming, had faded into a faint and shadowy outline of some undertaking which he must accomplish. He had a faint perception of the passing of many persons.

Some one paused beside him; a paper was held out to him, and the king's voice uttered the words, "Here is the text I promised."

Moritz grasped the paper. He was no longer perturbed or hurried. Was it that hope was extinct, and in its own

extermination comprised fear? I know not, and will leave the subject to those physiologists that can explain it. I only state facts.

The service had commenced. He looked at the paper; it was a blank.

When the young theologian entered the pulpit, Frederick noted him with curious scrutiny; but the calm demeanour, the dignified composure, and self-possessed humility of his deportment told not of the struggle that in a few days had added years of self-control and self-enquiry to his short life. The anthem was still swelling on the ear, and as the last note died away, the quiet voice of the minister rose in prayer: it was short and impressive. When it came to the text no trepidation could be observed. It was not till the very last and slightest noise had died away that Moritz began.

He held the blank paper in his hand, and, exhibiting it to view, commenced: "My text is taken from NOTHING, in other words, from the universe, for from nothing Almighty Love called forth all created being."

It is not my intention to transcribe a sermon; suffice it to say, the eloquence and erudition of the preacher shone alike conspicuous.

On descending from the pulpit, he received the king's command to attend him at twelve the next day.

A few minutes sufficed to take Moritz to Minna: he found her scarcely less agitated than he had been previous to the sermon. From her he went to Von Geradespruch, and related what had occurred.

From Von Geradespruch he learned that the next day was appointed for the court-martial, and remained with him, making notes, and endeavouring to raise his spirits. Again, a most anxious day, Moritz was busied with commissions; he did not leave Von Geradespruch till late, and was again with him early next morning.

"Do not forget the king's command, my dear Sinnreich," said Von Geradespruch; "he will not overlook worth like yours."

At the appointed time Moritz was duly admitted to Frederick, and graciously received.

"Well, Sir," he addressed him, "I told you that I considered you unfit for the church you applied for, and I am of the same opinion still; your talents would be thrown away. You must remain in Berlin, and set an example of incorruptible integrity to men of talent and learning. Your promotion shall be my care, and, in future, you will

not find me the least warm amongst your friends, of whom two or three are invited to meet you. We will welcome them in my chapel, where you will perform one part of the service, and my chaplain the other."

Moritz bowed; it struck him that the king had not been in the habit of preaching, or he would better have understood the perplexity he caused.

"Now," said the king, "I want you to accompany me;" so saying, he rose and passed through one or two galleries, then entering a side room, demanded of some officers in waiting whether it were time?

"The sentence is just about to be pronounced, may it please your Majesty."

Frederick stepped forward, motioning Moritz to join him. A screen was drawn across the doorway. In a few minutes there was a slight stir, and directly after some person read the condemnation of Conrad von Geradespruch, Captain in his Majesty's tenth regiment of horse, demanding, as matter of form, whether any one objected to such condemnation, and the expulsion of Captain von Geradespruch from the service. There was a general silence. Suddenly Frederick pushed the screen aside.

"I object to the sentence as illegal. I, Frederick of

Prussia, by the grace of God, and the promptings of my own heart, my subject's father, and my soldier's friend. It suited not my purpose or ideas, gentlemen, to set aside this court-martial; but I had so far relied on your honour as men, and the defenders of human rights, as to consider it a court of equity. I find myself deceived, but will not on that account dispense with the services of a tried and valuable officer, nor allow him or myself to be punished for your misconstructions, and —— But I waive this subject, from the conviction that you will retrieve your conduct in the field. And now let me explain myself. You have pronounced sentence against Captain Conrad von Geradespruch of my tenth regiment of horse. Conrad von Geradespruch holds no such commission; he is Major in my body-guard, and, as such, Major von Geradespruch, I beg leave to be the first to offer you my congratulations. For you, Sir, (bending a stern and indignant glance on Von Qualen,) I fully appreciate your conduct."

"A few words with you, Major von Geradespruch," he proceeded, and Conrad and Moritz followed him through the door by which he had entered.

Not another word was spoken till they reached the chapel, when Frederick, turning round, remarked, "I wish

to be an eye-witness to the manner in which you perform your devotions, Sir Soldier, for I understand that it has been hinted that I am not very particular on this score."

Moritz and Conrad exchanged glances of perplexed meaning; the king saw and enjoyed their embarrassment.

On entering the royal chapel, they found the curtain, that shaded the seats near the altar, was down, but, on their approach, it was drawn aside, and there, in bridal costume, stood Minna Frommkind and Bertha von Ruhmgier; Professor Frommkind, in full puff and powder, with his largest-sized silver buckles covering the front of his shoes, and his clocked silk stockings vouching for the grandeur of the occasion; and Mr. and Mrs. Sinnreich in gratified and proud affection. The holy place and royal presence did not quite restrain the first bursts of affectionate recognition; but its truth and honesty pleaded for it at the throne of grace, and Frederick affected not to hear it.

"I told you, Madam," said the king, addressing himself to Minna, "that, when next we met, I should command instead of requesting; I keep my word. Step forward and receive the hand, as you already possess the heart, of a man suited only to your highmindedness."

Need we say that Minna cheerfully obeyed?

When the ceremony was over, Frederick turned to

Moritz. "I told you, Sir, that I should require you to officiate; I have no notion of condemning you to fetters that are quite as well deserved by your gallant friend, so I impose the duty on you of rivetting them, whilst I, to make sure of so slippery a lady, will myself give Bertha von Ruhmgier to his safe keeping."

Years, many and eventful years, have passed away since these occurrences; but public and private records would vouch for their importance. There are still some living who remember Sinnreich as Consistorialrath, the highest dignity the Prussian Church then conferred; for they had no bishops, and our own universities acknowledged his writings as some of the most orthodox, as well as most erudite productions. The names are all fictitious; but the last description of him was, that he was a little old man, with only sufficient of human frailty in his nature to make his contemporaries love him as well as reverence his qualities. The career of Von Geradespruch, as chalked out by Frederick, was that of a hero, and a successful one; and Von Qualen—rests with his ancestors.

THUSNELDA.

The wife of Hermann was taken prisoner by Germanicus, and led in triumph to Rome, twelve months after the defeat of Varus by the Germans.

I.

No word she utter'd,—not a sigh
Betray'd the anguish of her heart;
No tear-drop did escape her eye,—
No sign that could her grief impart.
The conqueror, a gen'rous foe,
Blest with as fair a wife as she,
Even his triumph would forego,
But *durst* not set Thusnelda free.

II.

Patient, though suff'ring was her mien,
Her thoughts had wander'd far away,
And mem'ry conjur'd up a scene
That fancy scarcely durst portray:
It was a signal victory,
And the brave Roman legions slain;
It was Germania set free,
By Hermann, from the Roman chain.

III.

And now—she's in the victor's pow'r,—
That victor whom her lord defied,—
That Rome to whom each coming hour
Gives some new conquest, and fresh pride.
Self is forgotten: he alone,
To whom her happiness is life,
Dwells in her thoughts; whate'er her doom,
She'll think and act as Hermann's wife.

HERMANN; OR, ARMINIUS THE CHERUSKER CHIEF.

The following historical fact, with very little license, claimed for poetical convenience, is too well known to require comment; still a slight recapitulation may be opportune.

According to the best accredited historians, the Romans, after subjugating many tribes at that time residing in Germany, and amongst others the Cherusker, were, as usual, bent on benefitting their new tributaries by introducing the arts and customs of civilization amongst them, an endeavour which was however firmly resisted and warmly resented; for then, as now, people had an odd way of fancying themselves the best judges of their own likes and dislikes. The conquerors, however, nothing daunted, resolved on prose-

cuting their design, and for that purpose caused some of the noblest and most promising youths to be educated in Rome. This arrangement served a double purpose; for the young nobles thus became hostages for their countrymen, and their intended refiners, if the term be permitted. Arminius, or Hermann, as the Germans tenaciously designate him, and his brother Flavius, two young Cherusker chiefs, were amongst the number of those withdrawn from their simple and unpretending homes, to be introduced to all the elegance, luxury, and voluptuousness of the head-quarters of refined dissipation. Both youths were handsome, unvitiated, and naturally elegant; but the pleasures in which they were allowed to indulge unrestrictedly, and the intercourse with the young and haughty nobles, had an opposite tendency in the two. Both were ardent admirers of valiant deeds and noble bearing; but Flavius, dazzled by the prospect of ranking as a son of mighty Rome, identified her glories, achievements, and her liberty with his own; nay, he even copied the arrogant allusions of the young Romans to the vanquished barbarians as they styled the Germans, or any other nation not subject to their sway and tutelage. In fact, Flavius was heart and soul Roman,—a Roman exquisite. Not so Hermann; he thought of home, with deep and heartfelt regret, secretly

vowing himself to the liberation of his enthralled country, contemning the effeminacy of Roman pursuits, and disdaining the luxurious habits of her children; her polity and military tactics became subjects of intense interest to the young chieftain; he served amongst her troops, and ranked amongst the equites; but the better he understood her politics and comprehended the art of war, the more convinced he became, that the only arms with which his countrymen could oppose them would be cunning. When Quintilius Varus commanded in Germany, Hermann sought and obtained his confidence, being even freely admitted to the council-board, and often advancing an opinion which was frequently acted upon, and always listened to with respect. Having gained a complete ascendancy over Varus, Hermann's next step was to instigate a revolt in the most distant provinces, which would render a division of the Roman forces imperative; he next advised Varus to march in person against another body of insurgents, and such was the infatuation of the Roman general, that, notwithstanding many hints of the intended treachery, and a decided accusation from the chief of the Catti, he accepted the guidance of the Cherusker, who led him into a marshy vale, the exact position of which is now a disputed point, but supposed to be on the borders of the present territory

of Lippe. On this spot the guide contrived to leave the Romans, who suddenly found the hills which encompassed them beset with armed men. The struggle was desperate: the Romans fought for life, honour, and renown; the Germans for home, liberty, and revenge: the former had the advantage of discipline, the latter of position. The Romans were fatigued by a long and harrassing march, and, surprised by an unexpected attack, the Germans were vigorous in untired strength, and sanguine with anticipated triumph. The contest lasted three days, and ended in the utter destruction of the famous legions.

'Twas noon; the midday sun shot gleams of light
Onto the dank and marshy ground. Anon
The space was fill'd by soldiery,
But no disorder mark'd their increase,
Though gladly they avail themselves of rest,
E'en in the forest glade,—a marshy tract,
Laborious to travel, and unfit for
Resting place, save truly at utmost need.
They were the veteran bands of Rome, far
From their homes, their lares, and their kindred—
The famous legions that proud Varus led.

The brilliant sun dazzled the vision
Of him that looked upon their standard,—
The kingly eagle, Jove's own noble bird,—
That oft had led them on to victory.
And now, in scattered groups, they talk of Rome,
And guess how time is speeding there, and what
Amusements will withdraw affection's thoughts
From their achievements or privations.
Stay but till we return, and joyous then
Shall Rome and Romans be!
Let them prepare
The glittering pageantry of triumph,
And we will bring choice gifts,—barbarians
Tamed.
Ah! what was that Arminius?
To save myself from falling, I did grasp
Thy standard, brave Ventidius: it droops,
But thou, perchance, canst right it: the eagle
Seems to bow his head methinks; 'tis surely
Fancy, or have I injured it?
Nay,
Hermann, 'tis indeed thy fancy!
Ah! see,
Diana rises! Goddess of the bow,

Queen of the forest, lovely huntress, hail!
But what portends thy presence now, fair dame,
When Phœbus, in full splendour, rules the sky?
What would our augurs say, or what infer,
From such conjunction, or such adverse claims?
Bright are thy looks, Apollo; Dian, thine
Are clouded. Be ye propitious both!
And thou great Jove, almighty thunderer,
Father of gods and men, help us, we pray.
Mars, quit the zone encircled, we entreat,
And by thy sanction deign to aid our arms.
Hark! what was that? 'tis like the tramp of men
Us'd to the forest and the fenny marsh!
Where's the Cherusker chief, Arminius?
Recall the scatter'd troops! sound, sound to arms!
Our guide has play'd us false; we are entrapp'd
To fight in this arena for his pleasure!
Again, the war-shout.
'Tis the Cherusker signal!
Form, noble veterans! Roman warriors!
Think but of victory, forget fatigue;
There is no adverse fate but cowardice!
True we have fought on firmer soil; but
Shall a handful of wild savages have pow'r

To brave and to defy our choicest legions?
Oh! be but firm! life, freedom, and renown
Depend on your resistance!
Back, cowards!
Whither would ye flee?
Alas! they heed me not!
Oh! the assailants' shouts are deafening!
Well done, brave hearts! If ye repulse them thus,
We shall—ah! my trusty Publius down!
Ventidius slain, our standard taken!
Alas, alas! resistance is in vain!
We cannot form, we cannot bid them battle;
We are cooped in, our bravest warriors
Slain.
The ambushers are well informed
Of our fatigue: on, and still on they press.
Alas! their very war-song tells our fate,
Their full success, and our destruction.
Louder and louder still it sounds, whilst yells
And clanging shields, and battle shouts, all add
To the confusion.
Varus has fall'n
Upon his sword.
The death-moan wails around!

Our noble troops, the very flower of Rome,
Lie scattered on this foreign earth, far,
Far away from beauteous Italy,
In unknown land, and unsepultured!
Ah! none will raise for us the fun'ral pyre
With pious care, collect our scatter'd bones,
And give to our wandering spirits rest!
Here none know our usages save Hermann,
And he—has been trained amongst us but
To betray us. To turn the use of arms,
From us acquired, against ourselves!
Oh! thus to fall! to be outwitted thus!
Resistless led into the ready snare,
Like victims for the sacrifice!
To die
With that triumphant war-shout ringing in
Our ears!
But welcome death! who would outlive
Defeat, or barter the soldier's grave
To lengthen out the frail uncertain span
Of life,—at most, a few short fleeting years!

ORDEAL BY WATER.

The following is neither an original idea nor a translation, but written from the recollection of a German story in verse, which, with the moral these verses contain, and the inferiority to the original, can only be imputed to the writer, as it is one of the most piquant and humorous satires on the unaccommodating impertinence some Englishmen assume, as a means of establishing their identity when travelling "in foreign parts."

I.

It happen'd once, towards dark November,
A Briton sought more genial climes,
And, less annoyance to remember,
Forswore the Sun and Sunday Times;
And next, to keep an old companion,
Yclept old Podagra, at bay,
He formed a chase of Indian bannian,
And hunted there the livelong day.

II.

But, to elucidate my story,
This chase was formed in precincts new,
A ground-floor, rented pro tempore,
Receives the hunter and his crew.
Now it unluckily so chanc'd
The floor above was likewise rented,
By one in study far advanc'd,
Who felt at noise much discontented.

III.

But such a racket, such a stir,
Such tally-ho, and yoicks, in glee,
He knew not what he must infer,
'Twas new in his philosophy;
So, hast'ning down, intent to glean
The hubbub's meaning real and true,
He stood aghast to note the scene
That, as he enter'd, met his view.

IV

The hounds at fault, poor puss surpris'd,
The Englishman quite out of breath,
Cries, "Ar'n't the rooms vast well disguis'd?
Come, Sir, you'll be in at the death!"
"Excuse me, Sir; I came to say ——"
"Well, wait then till I've kill'd the hare."
"The fellow's mad! Sir, no delay;
Such noise, I deem, is hardly fair."

V.

"Whew!" says John Bull, "is this your ditty?
Now look ye, Sir, these rooms are mine.
To waste your precious breath were pity;
I shall hunt on, howe'er you whine!"
Discomfited and sore perplexed,
Our wise philosopher ascends;
Pondering he goes, and sorely vex'd—
I wonder what the sage intends?

VI.

At first a drop of moisture fell,
(Our huntsman thinks it must be fancy,)
Then a brisk show'r comes on pell-mell,
And torrents pour—the room's unchancy!
Our hero hurries to explore
The cause of such an inundation.
Behold him at his neighbour's door,
Where he turns pale with consternation.

VII.

For, hurrying too and fro, he sees,
Dozens with water-buckets laden;
The work seems every one to please,
From th' sturdy groom to th' laughing maiden.
"Odds! zounds! why, Sir, what's your intent?
You'll drown me in the room below!"
"Dear Sir, I am on fishing bent!
These are my rooms, as you well know!

VIII.

A pity 't were to waste your breath,
Or leave your hunting-scene below;
You won't be in, Sir, at the death;
Make no apologies, but go."
"Nay," says John Bull, "you've paid me off,
And frankly I now own my folly.
Of hunting I have had enough;—
Let friendship banish melancholy."

THE SAVING FAITH: A TANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN OF VOSS.

I.

A CITIZEN of Mainz, who died,
Hasten'd to heaven's gate,
And loudly for admission cried;
But Peter bade him wait
Until he knew from whence he came,
His faith, his conduct, and his name.

II.

"A Roman Catholic am I,—
The only saving faith!"
"Well, sit down on that bench close by,"
The holy Peter saith.
Just then from Geneva there came
Another cit who did the same;

III.

Excepting that he did profess
To be of Calvin's school,
Which, he declar'd, in his address,
The only saving rule.
"On yonder bench, then, rest awhile,"
Spake holy Peter, with a smile.

IV.

The gate was scarcely closed again,
When one from Hamburg sought
Entrance, by thund'ring knocks, to gain,
Which the apostle brought.
"How now?" says Peter. "Let me in;
The sole true faith is Lutheran."

V.

"On yonder bench, friend, take thy place,"
Said Peter, and withdrew.
This applicant, with surly grace,
Then join'd the other two.
But music caught their ravish'd ears,
In praise,—the music of the spheres.

VI.

Then the revolving stars and moon,
The sun in glowing pride,
The soothing calm, and heaven's perfume,
Bade joy their hearts betide;
And thus they sang, with one accord,
"We all ador'd one God and Lord!"

VII.

Wide flew the gates; Peter appear'd,
Smiling with friendly mien;
"Ah! silly! is the riddle clear'd?
Have ye your error seen?
Then come." Deponent saith no more.
Readers may con the fable o'er.

A VILLAIN IS HE THAT BETRAYS IT.

"Du weiszt nicht, welche Bestimmung dich erwartet. Es ist Zeit, dasz du dich kennen lernest. Du musst Licht ueber dich haben."

SCHILLER.

"IT is impossible to see you as you propose; but, if you really care for me, meet me at the masked ball, during the first week of the carnival: should you not do so, the explanation will be obvious, and we meet no more."

So ran a three-cornered, rose-coloured, and scented little billet, which was put into the hand of Rudolf von Zagenicht, as he returned, in a very dubious sort of humour, from parade.

It was really provoking, and Rudolf felt that it was so.

Here was the most tantalizing, the most bewitching, and most mysterious little brunette, that ever a hand-

some officer had been perplexed by, absolutely playing hide-and-seek with every corner of his heart,—that heart which should have considered itself preëngaged, or only open to the charms of glory.

The first time that he had met with her, he fancied that she rather maliciously, and somewhat coquettishly, encouraged an ugly little snarling dog, to snap at the heels of his fine and mettled charger. This was in itself an annoyance, added to which, the dog was the very counterpart of one his lady aunt, a fat old dowager, always considered an indispensable attendant, and, from his earliest recollection, an object of his inveterate dislike. The honour of his horsemanship was at stake, and, after warding off the attacks of the persevering little brute, he showed off his horse in the most splendid style, causing it to kick, rear, and plunge, whilst he kept the saddle himself, with an appearance of perfect ease, whatever the real exertion might be.

After sufficient display, with an ample quantum of demi-semi-circles, and allowing his horse to throw him nearly off, that he might show how firmly he could keep his seat, he turned an enquiring glance on the lady that had caused him so much trouble, but (fancy his surprise and displeasure) she had actually walked into a bye lane, and was talking to

an old woman with a milk-pail, without even turning her head to observe his further manœuvres.

He rode past the top of the lane, but she either did not, or would not notice him.

The next time of meeting was at parade, she was only attended by the four-footed little brute, and Rudolf heard her enquire the name of a lieutenant, who was not half so good-looking, nor half so prepossessing as himself; this was at least our hero's opinion, and he was no mean judge of personal attractions. It was in vain that Rudolf crossed her path more than once; she paid not the slightest attention to his so doing, not even giving herself the trouble to move. After remaining a perfectly unconcerned spectator, notwithstanding her singularity in appearing there unattended, she walked quietly away as soon as she felt inclined so to do.

On the Sunday, Rudolf was busily engaged in his devotional exercise, when some one, in a soft gentle tone of voice, requested him to point out the psalm they were singing. Rudolf offered his book, looking up at the speaker as he did so, and remained in utter perplexity in the midst of his act of courtesy, with his eyes fixed on the unknown lady of annoyance. An arch smile spread its influence over her face, and rested in her eyes, whilst the rest of her

countenance assumed a drolly demure cast, that provoked the gallant soldier more than words could possibly have done. He was determined to ascertain who, and what she was, as soon as the service should be completed, but, when he looked up, after the last prayer, her place was vacant.

Certain words are never used to polite ears, at least they should adopt the form of hieroglyphics; but I regret to state that our Captain adopted no such precaution, when, on leaving the church, he could discover no trace of his tormentor.

Again an occasional glimpse was obtained, as she passed the house (his rooms were two stories high,) where he was stationed, but by the time that he breathlessly reached the street, she was gone,—not even the last fluttering of her garments visible.

"What can she be? What can she want? A provoking little flirt! Why she surely does not consider herself worth looking at! And I, too, as good as married, for I shall be compelled to fulfil this hateful contract! Oh! it cannot be on my account! She asked Emil von Rechtschnur's name ——"

Some days elapsed, and he saw nothing of her; one day however he could have vowed that, on calling unexpected at Von Rechtschnur's, he saw a female leave the

apartment by one door, as he entered by the other; but Emil's manner made him doubt the evidence of his own senses, for he was quietly lounging on a sofa, reading the newspaper, and sipping his coffee—a second cup stood on the table.

"I fear that I have disturbed you," began Rudolf.

Emil looked up with an astonished air.

"I have unseasonably intruded," recommenced Von Zagenicht.

"How long have you adopted this mode of ceremony?" enquired Emil, drawling.

"Nay," said Rudolf, losing temper, "I thought that you had company."

"Oh! I had," replied Von Rechtschnur; "but it was a lady, and you know that she was sure to retire when you entered."

"Why sure to retire?" enquired Rudolf.

"Excuse further explanation," said Emil; "this much, however, for your satisfaction and my own: her retreat was caused by no dread of your making me jealous, so do not be uneasy on that score!" and he turned to a mirror, in which he surveyed his recumbent person with most self-satisfied approval.

"Con—— really, Emil!"—

"Pray go on," said Emil; "from your tone, you were about to remonstrate; beg pardon for interrupting you, but you are so long before you finish a sentence!" and again the nonchalant Emil sipped his coffee, and took another survey of himself, evidently consulting the mirror, as a tried and well-approved friend.

"Have you breakfasted, Rodolph?"

"Oh! an hour since!"

"How testy and impatient you seem; has something vexed you?"

"Oh! no; I never was in better humour, and came to spend an hour with you, if agreeable."

"Oh! quite so; how are you inclined to spend it,—in fishing?"

"No," said Rudolf, colouring, and turning a scrutinizing glance on the enquirer, who, however, was trying to balance the teaspoon on the tip of his finger, and appeared to be thinking of nothing else."

"Oh! I know that you would prefer the chase; but we might not start such game as you would like."

Rudolf threw a quick glance at Emil, but the spoon was, apparently, not balanced quite to his satisfaction, and he was still bestowing his thoughts on that subject; indeed his subsequent remark proved it.

"What a strange thing is this power of attraction!"

"What are you thinking of, Emil?"

"Oh! of you, decidedly; I am thinking how best to entertain you."

"Ha! ha! ha!" sounded a merry ringing laugh from the next room.

"Who is that?" enquired Rudolf, starting up.

"My visitor," said Emil; "but honour bright! she visits me under the protection of a flag of truce. I have, in other words, promised that she shall not be intruded on by any of the roving blades, yclept soldiers, and that it shall not be known that she is here, so consider yourself partially in our confidence, and keep it."

Never was any poor fellow so perplexed, annoyed, and ruminating as Rudolf, "chewing his cud of sweet and bitter fancy," till his whole head ached, instead of his occupation merely affecting the masticators, as it in all reason should have done.

"It is the unknown!" he whispered to himself; "it is the unknown!" he muttered between his teeth; "it is the unknown!" he shouted, in a tone that made Emil spring from the sofa, and seize his hand in alarm.

"You are ill, Rudolf," he said; "I am certain of it, by your strange and unnatural demeanour, I feel convinced

that you are under the influence of delirium. Let me send for a doctor."

"Doctor me! no doctors!" bawled Rudolf, almost maddened at the ludicrous concern Emil had thrown into the expression of his face.

"Has my physician seen her?" pursued Emil, with mock gravity, and adopting the spouting heroics. "Would you drive down to —— what place shall I hit on to suit your fancy, my dear Rudolf, and cool the fever of imagination that so distresses you?"

"Pshaw! Emil, do be serious, if it be in your nature, and tell me who this stranger is."

"I should really be happy, more than happy, most superlatively blest to oblige you, dear Rudolf, but I am absolutely bound by my word of honour not to reveal the lady's name without her concurrence."

Rudolf used a most violent, but very expressive exclamation, and stamped his foot.

As a chronicler, and a faithful one, I cannot conceal this infirmity of our hero's.

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" resounded a long peal of the self-same merry laugh that he had before heard.

He sprang forward to the door, but it was locked, and on turning round he found himself feebly detained by Emil,

who was almost powerless, from the heartiness with which he had echoed the sounds of merriment. In a fit of irrepressible fury, our hero sprang from the room, the obnoxious sounds pursuing him till he had entered the street. On his arrival at his apartments, which he reached by a circuitous route, he found a note on the table, which ran thus:—

> "Never mind Emil; it is all nonsense about me wishing to be mewed up, like a recluse: come at nine to-morrow morning, and see whether I do not make breakfast for you, and give you a hearty welcome, as the guest of Von Rechtschnur."

Rudolf was full of delightful anticipations the whole of that day; he kissed the note a thousand times, called it his precious little comforter, his sheet anchor, in this tempest of uncertainty and doubt, besides a thousand other absurd and ridiculous appellatives; it was in turn opened, and shut, read, and re-read, but all his ingenuity could only guess it into a note from the fair unknown, and all his twisting and turning, nay, even his apostrophising the miniature scrap of paper, would not conjure it into the bewitching brunette.

Evening approached; Rudolf became sentimental, from sheer curiority. He rambled along the fields, watched the splashing of the trout in the pond, and, when one or two

hardy veterans ventured a tolerable ascent from the watery element, and then precipitately returned to the cool and lucid retreat, he wondered whether they had been endeavouring to fly from perplexity, and while away the anxious moments by an excursion.

Equally high-flown were all Rudolf's other cogitations; now sailing with the homeward-bound crow, through the fields of ether—(it was—the sky to wit—as black and murky-looking as possible; but ether sounds well, and we can form a more striking picture with the jet-black crow on the clear blue ground, technically speaking, but, for the information of the unitiated, we are still meaning the sky, that wide field for sublimity,)—anon concluding that it would rain, as suddenly the harsh and unmusical braying of some poor unfortunate ass grated on his ear, and despondingly turning his steps towards his own domicile. Suddenly, (he could not be mistaken,) a turn in the road brought him close to a female,—it was the unknown: a half smile of recognition showed that she was aware of his presence. Presently she stopped, and looked as if she was waiting for something, and then began to retrace her steps.

Rudolf paused. The opportunity was not to be neglected. Could he be of any service?

Oh! Flirt, that dear, provoking, wayward flirt was missing. If she could catch a glimpse of it, she could easily coax it; but how to make it hear her; she could not whistle, and the evening was closing in!

Rudolf whistled.

"Oh! it will not attend to you! little provoking pet! it cannot be steady for an instant, and I am such an admirer of stability."

Rudolf looked at his companion, but she was staring in all directions, to discover the little dog which came running, in many a wild circle, towards her. Rudolf approached, to capture the runaway; but it sped through some furze bushes, with a bark of defiance, and, whilst Rudolf's gallantry persisted in its capture, passed him in a demi-volte, and lay crouching at the feet of its mistress.

"Ha! ha! ha!" again sounded the ringing laugh, that Rodolf could mistake for no other. "My wild, my pretty play-fellow to overrun me! and to give so much trouble to this gentleman!"

The words were fair enough, but the manner was most provokingly annoying. Rudolf bit his lips; he walked on however beside her, whilst she continued to pet Flirt. I believe, he at last ventured to remark, that I am to have the pleasure of meeting you at breakfast to-morrow.

"Indeed! oh! how delightful it will be not to have a tête-a-tête to look forward to! (Was the compliment intended for Rudolf?) But let me hear all about it: how have you contrived this?"

"Nay, Madam, I have had the honour to receive your very delightful and most valued note, and can only state, that I hold myself bound to obey the mandate, as much by inclination as duty."

"My note! my mandate! Pray, Sir, drop enigmas, and speak so as to be understood!"

"Am I not to be at Von Rechtschnur's?"

"Really, Sir, I must plead ignorance; but Von Rechtschnur? where have I heard that name before? Is your name Von Rechtschnur? You have never informed me what your name is."

"Rudolf von Zagenicht."

"Oh! but Von Rechtschnur's? Oh! I have it! the officer whom I so much admired on parade! Can you introduce me to him?"

"Oh! certainly, I shall have great pleasure," said our hero, with a constrained bow, and a countenance expressive of any thing but gratification.

They now came to a part of the road that branched off in an opposite direction.

"Well, good evening," said the lady; "I turn this way."

"Oh! I cannot allow you to proceed alone; pray permit me to see you safe."

"No, thank you; my brother might not, nay, I am sure, would not like it; and Flirt will ensure my safety. But if you really wish to oblige me, that is the shortest road, and we will make an exchange; you go this way, and I will go that."

Rudolf complied, though with evident chagrin, and the lady turned off in an opposite direction; but he could not resist following her, so, leaping the fence, he kept pace with her on the opposite side the hedge.

Flirt began to bark most shrewishly, for which Rudolf mentally consigned her to a gentleman that shall be nameless, and who is said sometimes to make darkness visible.

After waiting a few moments, he proceeded still more cautiously than before.

The unknown entered the town; and now, as she proceeded up the straight street, he could keep her in view, without approaching too closely.

She entered the Commandant's house. She had named her brother—could she be the sister of that officer?

He hurried home, thought over the whole scene, smoked his cigar—the German panacea for every ache that can

be enumerated, (this was written before hydropathy had been pronounced "a cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to,") puffed the smoke into the street through the open window, mused on his hard fate, and—the unknown.

It would have been in better taste, if our hero had devoted the night to sleepless wretchedness; and he, no doubt, fully intended so to do, but—oh! human frailty!—he absolutely fell into so sound a sleep, that it was only broken by the reveille, and then—it was too late to retrieve his error.

Punctually, as the clock struck eight, he was at Von Rechtschnur's.

On entering the room, Emil introduced him to Fräulein von Grillenvoll, a lady with very red hair, dressed in the Titus style; her figure presented a very fair share of embonpoint, and was folded, rather than attired, in a gaudy, large-patterned chintz, of exceedingly old-fashioned and slovenly make. She wore a pair of most prying and impertinent green spectacles, and one of the patches, formerly so much in vogue with the fair, yclept beauty spots, adorned her left cheek, and must considerably have heightened her attractions, as it was at least three times the usual size.

She rose at his entrance, and presented her hand, which Rudolf saluted with all proper ceremony, and then seated

herself at the breakfast-table, with a simper, and a most awkward curtsey. Nothing could exceed her gaucherie, excepting her pressing and lavish politeness to her guest, whom she alternately talked at, and to, with the everlasting and unmeaning simper on her face.

At length breakfast was over, and Rudolf delighted to make his escape.

This, then, was the meeting he had looked forward to with such anticipations,—anticipations he durst not even name; for was he not bound to another?

Months passed on; Rudolf frequently met the unknown; sometimes she allowed him an opportunity of addressing her, at others she would thwart him in so doing, however favourable an opportunity might occur.

At length she informed him that she was going to Berlin, and should not be able to see him for some time.

"But," remonstrated the gallant soldier, "can I not call on you? Must your friends be debarred the pleasure of seeing you?"

"Not so fast, Herr von Zagenicht; let us pause a moment to consider, for I really do not know how to class you—as a friend—why then there could be no possible objection to introducing you to my friends; but friendships with such young sparks as you, are rather suspicious, par-

ticularly when the parties are rather good-looking, and somewhat susceptible; one of which cases I can vouch for, and the other I shrewdly suspect."

It needed no more; Rudolf was on his knees, pleading his adoration, whilst the lady laughed, as if it were the best jest imaginable.

Rudolf felt sufficiently indignant to have given her up at a moment's warning; but the wish to prove himself not such a despicable suitor as she appeared to consider him, prevailed, and he joined in her merriment with as good a grace as he could command.

Notwithstanding his endeavours, our hero could not prevail on her to receive his visits in Berlin; and the journeys he had undertaken thither, on the exploring system, were most discouraging; he could learn nothing of her, and invariably returned, puzzled and mortified. It was after one of these unsuccessful journeys that he received the note we have quoted at the commencement of our story.

To enter into all the absurdities committed by our friend, as a proof of his delight, would be to recapitulate all the extravagant extravagancies of desperate lovers, from the days of the first knight that devoted himself to woman's supremacy, to those of the redoubted Don Quixote, and

beyond even this last mirror of chivalry. Suffice it, then, to say, that Rudolf knew every upstroke and downstroke of that precious billet, quoted its cabalistic syllables when challenged for the pass-word, and shouted, in an exalted tone of command, "Meet me at the masked ball!" to the no small perplexity of his corps on parade.

These worthies puzzled themselves amazingly to discover how this manœuvre was to be managed, for it was about the time here mentioned, that some one, evidently well-versed in the movements and intentions of the garrison at Potsdam, had intimated to the King, that almost all the officers were under engagements to attend the masked ball during the first week of the carnival.

Frederick, who had military reform much at heart, allowed considerable latitude in the camp, whilst, in garrison, he admitted not the slightest deviation from the strictest discipline.

An order was forwarded to Potsdam, by which the entire garrison was prohibited leaving the town, without leave of absence, and this under pain of strict imprisonment, and degradation of military rank; and it was, at the same time, rendered extremely difficult to obtain leave of absence.

When Rudolf heard the new arrangement, he stormed,

fretted, fumed, quoted his billet, and at length, in despair, requested leave of absence.

As he anticipated, the latter was refused; and, unable to inform his bewitching tormentor of his difficulty, without the slightest clue to her abode or address, the note goaded him on to desperation.

He could consult none of his comrades, for it was a well-known fact that he was engaged, and had been so from a mere boy; and so sacred is a betrothal considered in Germany, so disgraceful a breach of faith, in either sex, that the person thus forgetful of the prerogatives of society would at once lose caste, and be subject to the finger of scorn, besides being cut by all who had any regard for their own characters.

Rudolf's betrothal had taken place under peculiar circumstances. His father and a brother officer had each sought the affection of the same beautiful girl, who had declined the attentions of Von Zagenicht, to bestow her entire love on his friend, whom she almost idolized.

Von Zagenicht possessed, under a somewhat stern exterior, a warmth of feeling that would not have shamed a gentler aspect. His was not the mere *profession* of love, and he resolved to prove it by forwarding her wishes; he

prized his friend, and was determined to evince it, by assisting him to claim the bride he wished.

The young couple married. Von Zagenicht shortly after followed their example, and found, in the high-minded woman whom he chose, a friend that comprehended his own qualifications, and a confidante, that strengthened his own noble views.

Far from descending to the petty jealousy that many of her sex evince, Frau von Zagenicht strove, by every attention in her power, to prove how highly her husband's estimation of friends ranked with her, and sought every opportunity to show a preference for his former favourite, and his friend's wife; consequently, a strict intimacy took place between the two families.

On the birth of Rudolf, the hero of our present sketch, it was a question which of the two prided themselves most in him; he throve, as such nurslings will thrive, and became the pet and admiration of both exulting couples; and when, some years afterwards, a rival made his appearance in the family of Von Rechtschnur, it was still a contested point, whether little Emil would ever perform half the wonders, or possess a tithe of the surprising endowments, of Rudolf.

No material change occurred in either family till six years later, when Frau von Rechtschnur died, bequeathing Emil, and the babe whose life she had purchased by her own, to the care of her disconsolate husband.

It was then that Von Zagenicht and his wife became invaluable friends to the heart-stricken Von Rechtschnur, and more than parents to the motherless children, whom two short years found bereft of father as well as mother. Von Rechtschnur had never recovered the loss of his wife, and had sunk into an early tomb, a prey to grief, bequeathing his orphans to the care of Von Zagenicht, who promised to protect and defend them to the utmost; especially little Mechthild, whose sex claimed more anxious attention, and who was a source of most painful consideration to her dying father.

Faithfully Von Zagenicht fulfilled the trust. The children were domesticated in his house, and Emil shared his parental solicitude with Rudolf, whilst Mechthild was, in turn, the playmate of each and every one.

Thus four years rolled happily and tranquilly away, when a change occurred, materially affecting them. This was the demise of Frau von Zagenicht, who, with her latest breath, bequeathed Mechthild to the care of her husband,

a charge Von Zagenicht vowed never to relinquish, until he could bequeath her to a guardian, that should be better calculated to fulfil the trust.

After the death of Frau von Zagenicht, home became hateful to the hitherto domestic Von Zagenicht. He applied for an exchange into some regiment that would be actively engaged; this he soon obtained, for his value as an officer was too well understood to admit of such a request being slighted. His establishment was broken up; and he wrote to an aunt of Von Rechtschnur's, who had often applied for Mechthild, offering to consign his precious charge to that lady's care, with the proviso, however, that he should still remain her acting guardian, retaining the power to choose another in his stead, if he should deem such a precaution requisite.

All these preliminaries being agreed to on the lady's part, who was delighted to have the little girl on any terms, the boys were cadetted at a military school, and Von Zagenicht found himself once more at liberty to follow the banners, which had so often marshalled him to triumph and victory. Alas! the heart that had formerly fluttered joyously as they waved in the breeze, now beat mournfully; the eyes that had beamed with gladness at their approach, now rested listlessly on them; the veteran's mind grasped the stern

realities of life and death, which the stripling's had only foreshadowed.

The campaign was nearly over; only one decisive battle remained to be fought before its close. Von Zagenicht felt that it was his death-call: "Coming events throw their shadows before." Yes, it was even as the poet has expressed it. Strange foreboding power—oh! presentiment, unexplained thraldom of the mind, who can escape thee? The great, the powerful, the unbending have felt thy might! The imaginative—alas! thou art the least of ills, the most lenient taskmaster, to whom they bend. The phlegmatic, the dull even, own thy sway——but this is not, or should not be, the matter we have at present in hand.

Sleeping, or waking, Von Zagenicht felt that the number of his mortal days had approached their limits, and he longed to press his children to his breast, and to breathe out his soul in a blessing on them. His prayers—and the soldier's prayers were fervent and sincere—all tended to this point. He had no dread of death, which he looked on as a re-union with those who watched, as far as that may be, over the dear ones struggling with earth and earth's allotment; he felt, comparatively, little anxiety for the beloved ones, so early thrown on the world; for he knew that He who noteth the sparrow's fall would watch over them; but

he resolved, and thought, and reflection strengthened this resolution, to consign Mechthild to the care of Rudolf, and, in order to ensure his intention, he projected the engagement already alluded to.

He had written to request the boys and Mechthild to join him, and most earnestly did he hope that they would do so before the battle in question.

They did so. Von Zagenicht's wishes were soon communicated to the parties concerned.

Rudolf could not comprehend why any other tie should bind him more firmly to his pretty playmate, and the boy's pride struggled against claiming so young an intended. Reasoning on the subject was met by dogged obstinacy and disapproval of the plan, so the father appealed to the feelings of the son, and affection conquered. The contract was signed.

Von Zagenicht's foreboding proved correct; he was found amongst the slain, and the anguish of Rudolf and Emil was, for a time, overpowering.

Mechthild had again been removed to the care of her aunt, with whom she was to remain till the marriage contract was fulfilled, which was to take place when she was seventeen.

As the parting scene with his father grew less vivid, Rudolf's dislike to his engagement increased, and the circumstance having obtained considerable publicity, he was subjected to the jests or condolences of his comrades, which kept up a constant state of irritation. Of his intended he saw nothing, and their only correspondence was an occasional note, or letter, in a school-girl's hand. Had he been unfettered, inclination would, most probably have led him to visit Mechthild, and form his own opinion of her character and his hopes of happiness; but circumstanced as they were, he looked upon it as a task imposed on him, and always suffered Emil to visit her alone.

Mechthild was the counterpart of what her mother had been in personal appearance, the idol of her aunt's household, where she ruled supreme, each individual studying her every look, before even a wish could be expressed; she was, consequently, as self-willed a little dame as any in the kingdom; and, had she not possessed one of the finest tempers and dispositions in the world,—her aunt and the whole household said, the very finest,—she would have been utterly ruined.

It fortunately occurred that, amongst her caprices, (for with her all was whim,) she possessed a steady and unde-

viating thirst for improvement; and she was, by common consent, declared the most accomplished, as well as the prettiest, and liveliest little damsel in S——. She perfectly remembered the affectionate playfellow of her childhood, nor did she return his evident indifference by any thing approaching to the same feeling. It was her pride to hear his merits as an officer discussed, his literary acquirements applauded, or his character extolled for its superiority.

Poor Mechthild underwent a degree of painful distress she had never before endured, on one of these occasions, when one of his fellow-officers was giving an account of Rudolf, and deploring his unhappy fate, in being bound to fulfil a hateful and compulsory contract.

Mechthild enquired further into the subject, and found that a release could only be obtained by mutual consent. Her plan was soon adopted; she had so many lovers, about whom she did not care a straw, and whom she had never taken any pains to please, she would, under a fictitious character, try to fascinate Rudolf.

Her brother and aunt were in her confidence; the latter accompanied her on a visit to Potsdam, remaining perdue, whilst Mechthild, as the unknown, enslaved her intended, laughing heartily at his dismay on his introduction to

Fräulein von Grillenvoll, whom she had so successfully personated by means of false hair, green spectacles, and extra wraps.

Her brother being always in the vicinity, she had, when apparently unprotected, always some one near; and she contrived her meetings with Rudolf, so as at once to incite his admiration and provoke his curiosity.

Having given this explanation, we are at liberty to observe friend Rudolf, who became more nervous and restless as the time of the carnival approached, and he found it impossible to obtain leave of absence for a day.

At length his resolution was taken, and, that no one else might be implicated, should he be detected, he confided in no one, but groomed his horse himself, and, mounting as soon as it was dusk, set off for Berlin.

Oh! how Rudolf rejoiced that the road he had to travel was the best in the kingdom, how he cleared the miles, and how the noble beast that carried him spurned the ground. At length the fourth milestone met his view—German miles—on! 'tis past; he approaches nearer and nearer to the capital; all around proclaims it,—the houses, the hum borne on the breeze, the belated wayfarer that ventures to loiter on his path, assured that in the metropolis his tardy arrival will cause no surprise.

The challenge at the gate is answered, the horse properly fed and stabled, for it must accomplish that journey again before six the next morning.

The ball was held at the royal palace. Rudolf had no ticket, but he did not doubt that he should readily obtain one, and called for that purpose on a friend of his and Emil's.

On his arrival at the house, he found a ticket and domino provided for him, and, in answer to his surprised enquiry of how they could be aware of his arrival, was a small note from the unknown, stating his remissness in not providing the requisite articles for admittance and disguise, and her superior forethought.

Rudolf quickly availed himself of the supplies, and hurried to the scene of gaiety, trusting to the good fortune that had so far befriended him, for meeting with the unknown.

The motley group presented the usual assemblage of nonsensical contrasts, that appear so farcical to the every-day observer, and present such forcible lessons of home-truths to the moralist.

Rudolf was surveying the multitude as it flitted past him, like the shifting scene of some panorama, when his attention was aroused, and his dreamy speculation dispelled, by

a gypsy who had drawn stealthily towards him, and now requested him to allow her to read his fortune.

"Would thou couldst, pretty one," said Rudolf, laughing.

"Try, me," was the reply; "my knowledge springs from the source of light, my clime is glowing Egypt, my references are the hieroglyphics that contained the worship of Isis and Osiris; and Hermes himself will assist the son of Mars to propitiate the Fates."

"Thou forgettest," said Rudolf, adopting her strain, "that their sentence is irrevocable."

"True; but it bears several interpretations, and requires a skilful expounder to read it aright."

"Well," said Rudolf, "let me try thy skill."

"The custom is to cross my hand with gold, and I may not break the usage."

Rudolf was about to draw his purse, when she proceeded.

"'Tis a mere form: the ring you wear will answer every purpose, and save trouble."

Rudolf paused a moment, irresolutely; it was the ring of betrothal to Mechthild.

"Dreadnought!" said the gipsy.

Then she knew his name!

In his surprise he allowed her to draw off the ring.

"Strange destiny!" she exclaimed; "pursuing, yet avoiding; seeking, yet eluding; thou idolizest the woman thou wilt marry; yet, rejecting thy betrothed, thou wilt never rest until she again accept thee, which, if she be wise, she will not do till thou be a Major. But see, time flies, and others would share my skill. Farewell! Keep this amulet as a keepsake; it may prove a cure for fancied ills; place it next thine heart."

She had, whilst she spoke, replaced the ring, and now tendered a small packet, which Rudolf gallantly deposited in his vest.

Whilst his attention was thus engaged, she slipped away.

Rudolf scarcely paused to give the subject a second thought, so intent was he on discovering his charmer.

One moment he discerned her trip in that of a flower-girl, but found that the eyes, the only part of the face that was visible, were light blue; then he was certain that a columbine must be the divinity he sought, but the sound of her voice, as she replied to his first question, frightened him out of this certainty; he would have fixed on a virgin of the sun, but there were a party of six, and he was undecided about the right one. At length he was inclined to give up the search altogether, when a stately old lady, with a nose and chin nearly meeting, raised on high-heeled

shoes, and every other appurtenance to full dress in the fourteenth century, placed her arm within his.

Rudolf bowed: courtesy whispered that he could do no less; annoyance, that he could do no more, although he mentally wished her beyond Jericho, but, not being practically conversant with the thereabout, he could not conveniently fix on any little out-of-the-way place.

"Ha! ha! ha!" sounded close beside him.

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed.

"Quite possible, and really so," said his companion, as she slipped enough of the mask aside to show him the face of the unknown.

Rudolf was of course enchanted; this, too, was part of his fate, the sentence of which he had pronounced irrevocable.

"How shall I thank you!" he exclaimed.

"Oh! you will suit my taste best by thanking me your own way,'" she replied; "it appears that we are mutually gratified, so that neither of us is under any particular obligation, I imagine."

Rudolf protested that she was mistaken, and that she was only adding to his deep debt of gratitude by her frankness and condescension; told her how wretched he had been during her absence; inferred from this that he could not live

without her; and vowed, at length, that he would move heaven and earth to obtain her.

"Are you certain?" she enquired; "you men are so uncertain, so whimsical, so deceitful, so changeable."

Of course the protestations were renewed.

"Oh! yes," she said, "I believe all this now; I have no doubt that you mean all that you say; but how hateful I should be to myself, if I could accept you, were you to grow indifferent."

"Indifference was out of the question,—an utter impossibility."

"Ah! but men alter so when once secure."

"Rudolf retorted that he could feel no security; she might break faith, or meet with some one more worthy of her love."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "what a predicament! that really would be a disaster."

Rudolf had flattered himself that she would refute his supposition, and was considerably annoyed that she did not; but she took no notice of his chagrin, and they joined the dancers.

"Are you here alone?" Rudolf demanded.

"Oh! no; my chaperon is here, and I will introduce

you to her at supper, for the supper-room is thrown open, I perceive, and we had better secure our places."

They passed on; but Rudolf, with dismay, observed that all unmasked at the door; he durst not unmask lest he should be recognized, and could not leave his companion without some protection. In this dilemma he informed her in what manner he had alone been able to attend the ball.

"Then await my return here," she said; "I will not be five minutes, but must apologize to my chaperon, or there will be a hue and cry after me."

Away she tripped; and, the moment she left him, Rudolf was accosted by a domino, who remarked: "You decline entering the supper-room, Sir, and allow the lady under your escort to proceed alone. May I ask your reason for not wishing to unmask?"

"Oh! certainly," said Rudolf, who recognized the King in the speaker; "I can have no hesitation in entrusting my secret to a man of honor, and '*a villain is he that betrays it.*' My name is Von Zagenicht; I am an officer from Potsdam; a pressing engagement at this ball caused me to apply for leave of absence, which was refused, and, trusting to my horse's speed to save me from detection, I have ventured to steal a march."

"Oh! I understand," said Frederick, "and will not betray you, however, as I have no inclination to do penance for your sins. I will bid you farewell, and make good my entrance to the supper-room."

Frederick turned off as he spoke, and was immediately joined by one of the aide-de-camps, whom he beckoned to approach.

The hint was quite enough to Von Zagenicht, who had watched the whole proceeding; hurrying rapidly through the deserted rooms, he proceeded to the stable where he had left his horse, and in ten minutes was dashing through the streets with lightning speed.

"On, Phaeton! on, my brave Phaeton! thou shalt rest thee well when this race is over," he exclaimed, patting his horse's neck, whilst the unchecked bridle seconded his words, and the noble creature sprang forwards, as if understanding the sense of those addressed to him.

William's rapid flight, as described by Buerger, may give some idea of the rapidity with which Rudolf sped along the road he had travelled swiftly, but, comparatively at a snail's pace, a few short hours before. The trees, the scattered dwellings, appeared to take wing; his beautiful charger seemed endowed with supernatural strength and intelligence, sympathizing with its master in his onward

wish, and speeding forwards without intermission, till Potsdam was in sight, and Rudolf was challenged by the sentinel; the countersign was given, the gate was passed, and Rudolf dismounted, whilst Phaeton stood panting, covered with foam. Rudolf patted him, and consigned him to the groom, desiring that he might be well fed and attended to, then passed rapidly to his own apartment, removed all traces of extra exertion, and donning his regimentals, threw on his military cloak, and walked towards the guard-room.

"Well, comrades," he said, entering carelessly, "how are you whiling away time here? It hangs on my hands like lead! I can submit to a disappointment as well as any one when duty commands, but to be mewed up here, with nothing to do, and to know all Berlin footing it—it is too bad. Let us have a hand at cards to keep ourselves awake, and we'll try whether the king or knave will win the day?"

At that moment the signal was given for a general muster.

"What's astir? what can be the matter? how strange!" were exclamations that passed with the rapidity of lightning, but not more swiftly than the well-trained soldiery filled its post.

One of the first on the spot was Rudolf, whose men were the first to form.

No one present, excepting our hero, knew the meaning of this sudden summons; but when his eyes encountered the aide-de-camp, with whom he had seen Frederick conversing, previously to entering the supper-room, he blessed his stars as well as his hard riding.

Both officers and men were now called upon to answer to their names; no one was missing; and the aide-de-camp sped back to Berlin to report to the King, whilst the garrison was permitted to seek the repose from which it had been so unseasonably roused.

"Well!" exclaimed Rudolf, throwing himself on his bed, "I have escaped this scrape better than I expected, but what a gallop I had for it! Poor Phaeton! thou shalt not lack an extra feed of corn for this. And my little divinity! what will she say? Oh! I would rather have been cashiered than have missed our meeting! Ha! ha! ha! no bad policy mine! Old Father Fritz dare not betray me for his life, and, what's more, the old joker would not if he durst! And my pretty brunette—how to address her?"

All sorts of fancies presented themselves to Rudolf's mind, all sorts of expedients offered themselves, and very plausible they seemed, the more so as they began to jumble

and jostle in his brain, and drowsiness, no bad chemist, by the bye, amalgamated them so cleverly, that it would have been difficult to define the precise combinations of each, unless an equally clever analysis followed.

When Rudolf awoke the next morning, certain misgivings presented themselves that had not occurred to him during the excitement that attended and followed his flying movements of the previous day; and, by the time that he had given himself up to half-an-hour's sober reflection, he became so depressed, and dispirited, that he perceived a total eclipse of all the bright prospects fancy had conjured up, and hope illumined; he was in this state of mind when he received the following note:—

> "Farewell! despite all differences between us! Words would have explained your repugnance to our attachment, without such an insulting desertion. Believe me still a sincere friend, that, under existing circumstances, shall be nameless!"

"Confusion! then I have lost her!" was our patient friend's exclamation. "What shall I do?"

Not knowing how to reply to his last query, he stormed, and stamped about the room, in an agony of desperation, when a sudden turn presented to his dismayed observation, Emil von Rechtschnur.

"How now, Rudolf! what is the matter?"

"Oh! I am wretched, utterly wretched!"

"Whatever has occurred, my dear fellow?"

Rudolf only replied by a deep groan.

"Is it any thing in which I can assist you?" asked Emil, sympathizingly.

The question brought Rudolf more suddenly to his recollection than any thing else would have done; still he did not reply; and Emil continued.

"Are we not more than brothers, Rudolf? remember how we are united; is not the deep debt of love and gratitude I owe to our beloved parent—for in kindness he was as much mine as yours—still increased by all the brotherly forethought I have experienced from yourself? Can you have a sorrow that I should not share?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Rudolf, "I am a villain, neither deserving pity nor sympathy!"

"What can I do for you?" enquired Emil.

"Wait, dear Emil, till to-morrow," said Rudolf, "and we will converse more freely; for you have a deeper share in my present distress than you can possibly be aware of."

Emil reluctantly took his leave, and Rudolf resumed to his unpleasant cogitations. Pacing his chamber, absorbed

in bitter thought, his eye fell on the ring of betrothal; he had forgotten all about the fortune-teller till that moment, but he was suddenly startled into a vivid recollection of all that had occurred. Instead of the ring he had worn since his betrothal, was the one he had placed on Mechthild's finger when they were affianced. In another instant he had searched the vest, found the small parcel the gipsy had given him, and broken the seal. It contained several trinkets that he had at different times transmitted to Mechthild, amongst the rest, a locket that had enclosed his likeness, of which said precious representation it had been despoiled; and the packet was accompanied by a note in the stiff, school-girl hand, so well known to the gallant soldier.

The very sight of the note half reconciled him to the steps he had taken, but the perusal of it had a different effect: it ran as follows:—

"Dearest Rudolf,

"You certainly deserve some reproaches for permitting me to learn your real sentiments from a stranger. Both my feelings and your own have been fully explained to my aunt and Emil, and you are free, beloved and affectionate

playmate of my earliest years; your happiness is my sincere desire, and you will ever be an object of the warmest regard and sincere affection to your

"MECHTHILD."

Rudolf was petrified. Then Emil knew all that had been passing in his mind; he hastened to seek him, and unfolded to his listening ear all that had occurred,—his acquaintance with the unknown, his visit to Berlin, and the double dismissal he had received.

Emil listened patiently till he had concluded.

"Well, my dear Rudolf," he then commenced, "there is nothing so very bad in all this. Mechthild is very young; she has received several eligible offers, and she must determine to make a choice."

"Let her have time," said Rudolf; "do not let her be teased."

"Oh! I hope that there will be no teasing in the case," was the reply, "for she has already made her election, in my opinion."

"Indeed," said Rudolf, enquiringly.

"Yes," was the reply, "and one that neither you nor I shall disapprove."

Rudolf thought that a smile of peculiar intelligence

accompanied this speech; it did not, however, dwell long in his remembrance, for his mind was too much engrossed by his release from an engagement, that he had so often bewailed as the bitterest part of his fate. He was now at liberty to seek the unknown, explain all these circumstances to her, and obtain her consent to an immediate union. He could not endure the idea of late events becoming public, for there was no weapon so dreaded by the gallant soldier as ridicule; he therefore pursued his enquiries industriously, but furtively.

At length he applied to Emil, and, after several pros, cons, and consultations, it was resolved to engage Mechthild in their interest.

To this plan, which was Emil's proposition, Rudolf at first strenuously objected; but, when another week elapsed, without affording any clue to the mysterious fair one, he became a convert to Emil's opinion, that when man's forethought and calculations are of non avail, woman's wit is often of incalculable service.

The application was rather characteristically made; it came from Rudolf, and ran as follows:—

"Dear Mechthild,

"I ought to have replied to your letter before this; I ought to have done more, viz.,

loved you as you deserve to be loved, and have no excuse for not doing so, but the waywardness and caprice inherent to humanity; for, had you not been engaged to me, my wishes would most probably have led me to desire such an event. To prove to you how highly I prize your friendship, I am about to tax it to the utmost on my behalf, as the only means remaining of freeing myself from my present dilemma. [This notable document then proceeded to state the whole transaction to Mechthild, as already known to the reader, and concluded as follows.] I again transmit the trinkets to you, dear Mechthild, as for you they were chosen by

"Your very affectionate

"Rudolf."

A few days brought him the following reply: —

"From the clue you have furnished me, dear Rudolf, I have not found it difficult to trace your unknown, who is a personal friend of my own; I called on our mutual acquaintance, where she had the forethought to leave the domino and ball-ticket for you, and obtained all requisite information. She will not permit

me to reveal her name, and, as I am under promise of secrecy to her, I cannot do so; but if you feel inclined to address her, under cover to me, call her Brunette or Coquette, or any other more endearing appellation that may strike your fancy. As the trinkets were purchased for your intended, I have made them over to her, and she wears the chain constantly. I have not replaced your miniature, for, being meant for a likeness of you, it would be too deceptive, and, by substituting what you were for what you are, neither please your unknown nor

"MECHTHILD."

By return of post Mechthild received a note of acknowledgment, although, to confess the truth, her correspondent found it very difficult to frame a reply to her singular billet. Enclosed was one for Brunette; need we say that Mechthild opened it? It entreated an interview, entered at some length into the disagreeable dilemma, which could alone prove an apology for overrunning his partner, and honourably, and candidly related his engagement to Mechthild, and the termination of that engagement, dwelling with warm admiration on her candid, generous, and delicate

conduct, and declaring his opinion of the extreme felicity of him whom happy destiny should lead to woo, and win her.

By return of post Rudolf received a reply, allowing him to plead his own cause in person; and not finding it so difficult to obtain leave of absence for a day, he hastened to avail himself of the permission.

The place of rendezvous, where the domino and ticket had been left, was again appointed.

Rudolf determined to call on Mechthild as he went, but was informed that she was not at home, nor likely to be for a few days, as she and her aunt had gone as far as Potsdam to visit Emil.

"How provoking," said our hero, "just now too, when I would so gladly have seen her."

The unknown received him in a half-reserved, half-playful manner.

An explanation was soon given; but when Rudolf begged to be accepted as her acknowledged lover, she told him that she should as soon think of Mechthild accepting him, after what had passed, as doing so herself.

He was thunderstruck. On regaining his speech, he used all his powers of persuasion to alter so absurd an idea, but his arguments and eloquence were vain.

She listened to him with the utmost attention, but did not for an instant waver in the resolution she had so strangely, so unaccountably adopted.

At length Rudolf lost all patience with her perverseness and obstinacy, and, snatching up his hat, hurried in a violent passion from the apartment.

"Ha! ha! ha!" sounded the ringing and most provoking laugh after him. He waited to hear no more, and poor Phaeton was again urged forward with a degree of velocity that kept pace with his master's chafed spirit.

"Hillo! Von Zagenicht, whither away? why you are galloping for a wager against time!" was the first address, in a rather unceremonious tone, as Rudolf still pursued his Quixotic speed through the broad street of Potsdam.

Though vexed at the interruption, Rudolf could not pass on without a direct cut to the brother officer who thus accosted him, so he reined in his panting steed.

"Poor Phaeton," said the other, "will be in bad trim for to-morrow, without a double share of attention."

"For to-morrow?" Rudolf repeated, in a half-enquiring, half-vacant tone.

"Yes; old Father Fritz is going to take us all in hand to-morrow, to see whether we are good boys, and can go decently through our exercises.

"Old Father Fritz?"

"Aye; I thought you would spare Phaeton when you knew. We have received orders to muster at eight to-morrow morning. We've been having it all over in the guard-room."

"Soh!" said Rudolf.

"You had not left above half-an-hour, when we received the order."

"Good night!" said Rudolf.

"Tranquil repose!" was the rejoinder, accompanied by a good-natured, but somewhat satirical smile.

Rudolf was determined to see Mechthild, so he hastened to Von Rechtschnur's quarters; but Emil informed him that she was fatigued, and had retired to her room.

He was received by her aunt, however, who was, as usual, very kind; indeed no difference of demeanour, on the old lady's part, betrayed any change in their relative positions.

Rudolf felt secretly annoyed; her conduct appeared to be a tacit acknowledgment that his loss was not deemed a very material one. He felt half resolved to abide by his father's election, and renew the engagement with Mechthild, whose character would ensure the happiness of her husband, whilst the unknown, on the contrary, had evidently

trifled with his feelings;—wounded his vanity, is the better phrase. Demanding pen, ink, and paper, he wrote a hurried note to Mechthild, once more offering himself to her acceptance, and early the next morning received the annexed reply:—

> "Give yourself time to think, dear Rudolf; for, after what has passed, I have ventured to indulge a hope that I might follow the bent of my own inclination, and accept one whom I have long preferred to all others; if, therefore, Brunette will not accept you, you must not, in a fit of spleen, again enter an engagement with "MECHTHILD."

Rudolf stormed in bitterness of spirit; he construed the note his own way, without even noticing any ambiguity about it.

Half an hour later all was bustle in the little town; horses were prancing, soldiers marching, urchins running, maidens smilingly arranging the last ribbon, and giving the final twist to the becoming curl; and, despite the early hour, well-dressed females were assembling in groups, or taking possession of the places that would command a sight of the review, when one of the royal aide-de-camps rode forward to announce the immediate approach of the King.

At that moment a lady appeared on horseback, escorted by Emil; the fine morning had evidently tempted them beyond the precincts of the town, and they were returning in time for the review. She entered the house where Emil was quartered. It must be Mechthild. What an elegant little creature. How fearlessly she reined in her horse. Her veil was down, and Rudolf had no opportunity of seeing her face, but he heard many exclamations expressive of admiration from the officers present. His attention was drawn off by the general stir and bustle about him, and in another instant the word to form was given.

The aide-de-camp, who had before ridden forward to announce the King's approach, now rode back again to join his royal master.

No character can produce stronger proofs of eccentricity than that of Frederick the Great of Prussia. Eccentric, even in his greatness, the striking peculiarities of his temper and disposition bear witness to the superiority of Prussia's greatest monarch. Frederick was not less feared than beloved: he himself considered pusillanimity an unpardonable offence; a great admirer of moral courage, he never lost an opportunity of signifying his disapproval of cowardice; but the regal philosopher overlooked two points in his reasoning: he forgot that his was a truly despotic govern-

ment, and hereditary, that his subjects might consequently well feel some dread of one who was amenable to no earthly control; and, excepting when anxious to compete with Voltaire, he quite overlooked the general deficiencies in such qualifications as would have raised him above all competitors, in whatever pursuit he had made his own, and whatever his station, but, in a king, elevated him above praise, and fortified him to brave the cruel and unmanly persecution that his predecessor had wantonly and meanly heaped upon him in his youth, and which, no doubt, gave a strong bias to his character.

Princes of Prussia! ye do indeed stand preëminent for some virtues that your Frederick knew not; but to him ye owe the fostering care that tended your budding greatness.

As the King rode slowly and deliberately along the line, many a heart beat, and many an eye tried to scan his thoughts; but who could read thee, statesman of the north? He frequently paused, and addressed a few words to some one near him; sometimes an officer, sometimes a private, as chance might direct, but generally accosting them by name.

The military evolutions met with the King's entire approval, openly and fully expressed; and the Commandant, proud of Von Zagenicht's corps, or from some other motive not stated, ordered Rudolf to display them alone.

Rudolf obeyed; and the exhibition was just completed when our gallant Captain, from some impulse that we will not stay to particularize, cast his eyes towards the window of Von Rechtschnur's apartment, and suddenly exclaimed aloud, "The unknown!"

Frederick's hawk's-eye had followed the same direction; an evanescent, and almost imperceptible smile played for an instant on his features; meanwhile Von Zagenicht had recovered his self-possession, and the evolutions were completed. The King beckoned him forward.

Rudolf approached, and, despite the secrecy, to which he had bound "Father Fritz," fully expected a severe and public reprimand.

Imagine his surprise when he found himself addressed in the following whisper: "Captain Von Zagenicht, from henceforth you are a Major, with a major's full pay; I have no hesitation in trusting this secret to a man of honour, and '*a villain is he that betrays it*' before it is gazetted. Inform the little fortune-teller, whose predictions I overheard, when I had the honor of a flying visit from you, that you are at liberty to marry. Au revoir Major Von Zagenicht."

Frederick bowed to the assembled officers, and, greeted by many a "Vivat Father Fritz!" rode from the ground.

To hurry past all that impeded his progress, to clear the stairs that led to Emil's apartments, was the work of a few seconds, and to stand in utter confusion as the ringing and provoking laugh of the unknown again saluted him, was the next perceptible occurrence that Rudolf was aware of.

"Ha! ha! ha!" responded the hearty tones of Emil.

"Ha! ha! ha!" re-echoed Mechthild's aunt. What it is to be young and active! Commend me to a run from the field!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" sighed Rudolf, endeavouring to join in the laugh, but only giving expression to most dolorous sounds.

"Well, now for a trial of decorum," said the beauty, with a ludicrous affectation of putting her face into prim; "who undertakes the office of master of the ceremonies?"

Emil stepped forward on this appeal, and begged to introduce Captain von Zagenicht to Fräulein Mechthild von Rechtschnur, alias Bewitching Coquette, alias Unknown, alias Brunette, and we need scarcely inform the intelligent reader, that notwithstanding sundry interruptions utterly preventing speech for the time, divers mysteries were cleared up to the Ex-Captain's satisfaction, and that on her seventeenth birth-day all the aliases of Mechthild von Rechtschnur merged in the unchangeable Frau von Zage-

nicht, whilst Frederick, after secretly enjoying the silence to which he had bound our hero, now released him from it, after a six month's trial, much to the satisfaction of Emil von Rechtschnur, who, as Captain in Rudolf's place, often repeated the story of his brother-in-law, Major von Zagenicht.

LOVE'S ENGAGEMENTS.

I.

When earth was fresh, a blooming maid,
Young Love was foster'd by the Graces,
And seldom from his nurses stray'd,
Or followed quickly in their traces:
Sometimes, when seated by their side,
He'd string a bow, or point a dart;
At other times, his skill he tried,
And for his target chose a heart.

II.

But growing older, Love grew wilful,
The Graces lost with him their power,
And being, as an archer, skilful,
He quite resolved to leave their bower,
And seek the patronage of war,
As rifleman, or pioneer.
The Graces wept; Love from afar
Answer'd them with a parting cheer.

III.

The jests of war were somewhat rude,
And Love felt rather melancholy,
So took French leave, his road pursued,
And offer'd as a page to Folly.
But she demanded such odd freaks,
That Love himself could not help laughing,
So straight another service seeks,
From Folly's bowl first deeply quaffing.

IV.

The draught did to remembrance bring
The merry god of rosy wine,
So, rising lightly on the wing,
Love to him sped, was asked to dine ;
But Love, though he had somewhat rough'd it,
Had been on choice ambrosia fed,
Grapes fill'd the table, cup, and beaufet,
In the wine-god's ill-tended shed.

V.

Love bade farewell ere morning broke,
And forthwith hastened to Wealth,
Who much of his attractions spoke,
Though Flattery told him this by stealth ;
Sometimes a quarrel would arise,
For Love would claim Wealth's bonds and nets,
Forgetful of his native skies,
And aiming but at large assets.

VI.

But Wealth, who ever was a schemer,
By Fashion's aid, has clipp'd Love's wings,
And fastened fetters round the dreamer,
Which, though of gold, are awkward things;
For now, he can no longer soar
Unto the lofty scenes above,
Since Wealth has chain'd him to the floor,
And few believe 'tis really Love.

THE THUNDERSTORM AT LIVERPOOL IN THE SUMMER OF 1841.

Do I remember?
The town was sunk in quiet, not in rest,
For, like an incubus, the air settled
On ev'ry breast, it was so palpably
Dark and heavy. Black and shapeless masses,
But ever changing in their shapelessness,
Seem'd to sustain themselves; for not a breath
Was stirring, and yet they moved, slowly,
But still kept moving, giving way again
To others, till they became one wide black
Canopy of threatening clouds.

Nothing,
Except the howling of the crouching hound,
Meeting response from unchain'd watch-dog,
Broke the oppressive stillness. Even sleep,
The great magician, lay in fetters,
Resting, with centner weight, on the clos'd eyes
And heaving bosoms of its votaries,
Or banish'd, fled the pillow it had sought.
Midnight! The clock toll'd slowly forth the hour,
And, ere it yet had ceased, another,
And another, and another, took up
The strain, as if they found indeed relief
In the wild jabber of their unloos'd tongues,
And wanted but the courage to break through
The fearful silence. Thus the following
Hour was greeted, but appalled, ere yet
The echo of the first stroke had ceas'd the
Rest were mute. Denser and denser became
The thickening atmosphere. Red lurid
Streaks, even through the darkness, made themselves
Visible, threatening destruction.
A booming, hollow moan, yet suppressed,
Assail'd the ear, as though earth were in pain,
And whisper'd her agony to her children.

The air was hot to suffocation,
Holding in its embrace corruption
Drawn from the o'ercharged earth.
Suddenly
The clouds were rent asunder by a stream
Of bright and flashing brilliance, resting,
In forked maze, between the sever'd masses,
Whilst the loud burst of "heaven's artillery"
Proclaimed the storm is here!—then all was dark
Again; darker, denser, hotter than before.
Now the "flood-gates" of the sky were open'd,
The raging torrent dashing to the earth
In wild uproarious descent.
Voices,
Human voices, are mingling with the din
Of elemental strife. Danger dissolves
The spell which it had woven; the busy
Flood of human tide is rushing forwards
With the wild impetus of sudden life.
But thou, Omnipotent, who ridest on
The whirlwind, whose chariot is the clouds,
Who, in thine anger, art so terrible,
Whose name is Wonderful, whose attributes
Are power, dominion, majesty,

And greatness, with mercy, long-suffering,
Love and pity, and others, vast as thine
Unfathomable depth, unattain'd height,
Or unapproachable perfection,—
Thou didst, Almighty, shield us from all harm,
E'en when the light-bolt struck thine house of prayer.

VIEW NEAR VENICE BY NIGHT.

All here is still, quite hushed and tranquil,
For night has donn'd her gear.
Receding day
Is added to the train of ages past.
Hail, thou meek queen of vigils, beauteous moon,
Thy mellow'd light throws a new charm around,
Reflected on the bosom of the sea.
This is the hour to woo the Adriatic,
Though noonday sun, in all his dazzling brightness,
Shine on her bridal, adding splendour to
The pompous pageantry that binds her faith,

Her love, and her obedience to the Doge,
The emblematic prototype of Venice.
Beauteous bride! but ah, how fickle in
Thy beauty! Trembling at the praise of each
Gallant, and shrinking from his homage,
Yet smilingly, as if to lure him on.
Hark! even now come some admirers, for
Pleasantly sound mingling voices over
The gently dashing waters; nearer and
Nearer, swelling on the murm'ring night-breeze,
In sweetest harmony, while plashing oars
Form an accompaniment to the sweet strains.

"Lady mine, the starry train
Is crowding yonder brilliant sky;
But its splendour I defy,
If thou, fairest, wilt but deign,
By thy presence, to illume
This fond bosom's fearful gloom."

Distant, more distant still! the sounds are lost,
And the dark gondola has disappear'd;
But other votaries still skim the waves,
And song on song awakens echo to
Answer in a sweet prolonged reply
Of mimickry, by distance softened.

Now from the far Lagunes, the fisher's home,
Come the rude notes, so silvery in sound.
"Row for the shore, our boats are all laden,
Stem the waves bravely and jointly, boys, all;
Ours be the welcome from laughing-eyed maiden,
Or matron that well knows the fisherman's call.
Cheerily, cheerily, our task is done,
Our prey ensnared, our welcome won;
But we'll away with the rising sun,
And return again when his course is run."
Again do other notes, harmonious all,
Break the soft silence that would else prevail,
Whose gentleness and piety do claim
Attention deep from the repose around.
"Ave Mary, holy mother,
Lo! behold this day is gone,
Plead for this, as ev'ry other,
At eternal Mercy's throne;
May our sins but be forgiven,—
Sins of either thought or deed.
Holy mother, plead in heaven,
That from them we may be freed."

GRACE DARLING.

'Tis night, and darkness throws her blackest pall
Over the earthly scene.
Nature is mute,
But 'tis not the repose of tranquil rest
That lulls her; she is cowed, and trembles
At the coming strife.
Spirits of the air
Are whisp'ring that the stormwind is abroad,
And moaning echoes herald his approach,
Whilst on he hurries in his mad career.
He rushes o'er mountain,
He tears through the vale,

His hoarse shout of triumph
Is borne on the gale;
He laughs in his fury,
Or shrieks in his wrath,
Or groaningly summons
His messengers forth;
Old Ocean is chafing
Within his dark bounds;
Far, far through his caverns
His roaring resounds.

Cradled upon the bosom of the deep,
A goodly ship lies within sight of land,
Containing some who number anxiously
The hours that will elapse before they place
A foot upon the fair firm earth again;
For there are times of high excitement, when
The sailor deems his dwelling on the seas
The highest pinnacle of human bliss:
But when his home is near, and troubled thoughts
Unman him by delay and neighbourhood,
He counts the landsman happy that can chase
Such fretful fancies by a certainty.
But all thoughts are dispell'd,
Save of danger at hand.

Flee, mariners! hasten
Away from the land!
The sails are all rent,
And the masts torn away!
She parts—heaven help!
Oh! send rescue and day.

Upon the beach a fisherman was list'ning
To the dread sounds of danger, mingling with the
Angry storm; a shriek, a signal of distress—
"Good God, and we so near," he said, "and yet
Must leave them to their fate!"
A hand was plac'd
Upon his shoulder, and a voice pleaded
In his ear:
"Oh! say not so, my father;
If we but use our means as well as pray'rs,
God, in mercy, will direct and help us.
See, the first dawn of day is gleaming, and,
Clinging to the shrouds, we can distinguish
Creatures like us, formed by Almighty pow'r,
Despairing of all help, save His alone.
But I, in frolic, oft have tried the oar,
And sent my bounding skiff over the wave
In rivalry of the swift sea-bird's fleetness;

Then let me help thee now! this arm is strong,
And will be stronger in this holy cause!"
The father's heart responded to his child's,
And his reply was brief in its assent.
"Grace, gentle girl, thou e'er to me hast been
Heaven's choicest boon; were I to lose thee
In the performance of so pure an act
Of piety to God and man, grief-struck
I still should own that gracious heaven
Had but reclaim'd a gift too good for earth,
And bow my heart in resignation,
Praying, though sadly, 'May His will be done.'"

Away flies the bark
O'er the dark-crested wave,
Row'd by father and child,
The despairing to save;
E'en the waves pause in wonder
To carry them on,
A glorious sunbeam
Disperses the gloom;
The task is accomplish'd,
They are safe on the strand,
The voice of thanksgiving
Ascends from the land.

Another now greets them,
With joy-falt'ring tone,
Whose prayers for their safety
Were offer'd alone;
'Tis the fond wife and mother
Who sanctioned the deed
She witness'd in anguish,
Though bidding God speed.
Britannia, exulting,
Hails fondly the maid,
So gentle, yet daring,
So prompt in her aid.
Her name be the watchword,
Should danger appal,
From prince to the peasant,
From hovel to hall;
From terror-struck maiden,
To the bold sons of fame,
Let blessings re-echo
Grace Darling's lov'd name.

ON THE CONFLAGRATION IN HAMBURG.

I.

I LOV'D thee well, town of a thousand years;
I lov'd to muse upon thine ancient state;
I've laughed, in frolic's mood, or shed the tears
That childhood weeps, foreshadowing earth's fate,

II.

Within thy walls: and lo! around my heart,
Wind recollections that had passed away;
Whilst thou didst stand, acting thine own proud part,
Queen of the Elbe! with thine accustom'd sway.

III.

But now thy ancient fabrics low are laid,
And havoc laughs at grief, of late unknown;
Of happy hearts, a wilderness is made;
Ruin possesses the devoted town.

IV.

Oh! weep for Hamburg, kindly hearts are hers,
Her children all our sympathy demand;
Lowly they bend, in sorrow and in tears,
To Him who checks the flame with potent hand.

V.

Help, God! for Jesus' sake accept our prayer;
No earthly hand can still the raging flame!
Help, Lord, and pardon, oh! in mercy spare!
Thy will be done! bless'd be thy holy name.

VI.

Rise as a phœnix, venerable town!
May the prediction but be verified;
May choicest blessings thy endeavours crown,
Once more of Hanseate league be thou the pride.

CUPID'S ENQUIRY.

I.

DEAR grandpapa, said little Cupid,
As Zeus the flaming lightbolt hurl'd,
Methinks the folks are very stupid
In yonder place they call the world;

II.

For how they tremble at thy thunder,
And shrink from yonder blaze of light,
Impell'd by awe, dismay, or wonder,
Each feeling merging in affright.

III.

But, leaving out some rare exception,
When I discharge my sharpest dart,
No bosom shrinks from its reception,
Nor quails till it has reach'd the heart.

IV.

Now, mighty Jove, thou know'st full well
My arms can even make thee shake;
Then why, until they feel my spell,
Don't mortals at my weapons quake?

HAYWARD AND CO., PRINTERS, EXCHANGE-STREET, MANCHESTER.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

Form L9–100m-9,'52(A3105)444

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

R Hyrams -
817 The candidate
992c for favour

PR
L817
H992c